Saturday Review

75¢

August 23, 1975

ASIA WITHOUT AMERICA

What Would It Mean?

rticles by

eter Arnett

eyes Beech

J. Kahn, Jr.

ernard Kalb

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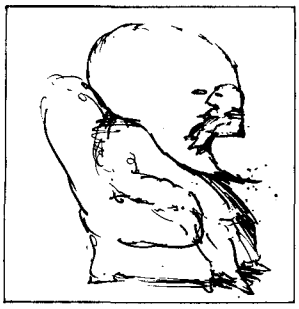

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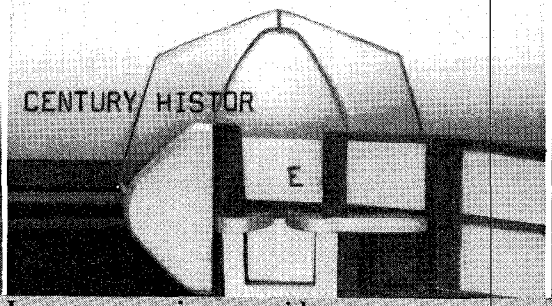

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Brief Encounter With A. Solzhenitsyn

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has been talking about his ideas directly to the American people. What emerges from his speeches and interviews, however, is not a fully comprehensible and coherent position.

There is no ambiguity in his views concerning the hardships and suppressions suffered by the Russian people. What is less clear perhaps is his personal political philosophy. It is difficult to comprehend exactly what kind of changes he is urging on the Soviet leaders. He has renounced Marx but not the Communist Party. He frankly advocates an authoritarian government for the Russian people but doesn't say why abuses and suppressions will not occur under all forms of authoritarianism.

I confess I resent his reference, in one statement, to Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill as "cowardly." It is doubtful whether the past century has produced two political leaders who have demonstrated greater courage, resourcefulness, and persistence in the face of brutal and overwhelming danger than have Roosevelt and Churchill. Indeed, were it not for these two men, there would probably be no free world today from which Mr. Solzhenitsyn could make his pronouncements about social injustices inside the Soviet Union.

Solzhenitsyn used the term "cowardly" to describe what he regards as one-way concessions by Roosevelt and Churchill at Yalta. He said nothing about the fact, however, that Roosevelt's main purpose at Yalta was to get Stalin to agree to open a second front against the Axis powers in the Far East, in which purpose Roosevelt was successful.

Next, I was appalled by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's reference, in one of his recent speeches, to the "West's fantastic greed for profit and gain, which goes beyond all reason, all limitations, all conscience."

Was it "fantastic greed for profit and gain" that caused the American people to send a food relief expedition to Russia at the end of the First World War—an expedition that may have saved many millions of lives? Mr. Solzhenitsyn himself acknowledges the fact of the U.S. relief expedition to Russia but then says that the United States was shown no gratitude for this generosity. It is difficult to see how this assertion has any relevance to, or is a substantiation of, his contention that we are fantastically greedy and lacking in conscience.

Again, in the same statement, in a sudden switch of themes, Mr. Solzhenitsyn excoriates those who have the nerve to reproach the United States. He asks those critics why they ignore the unprecedented outpouring of help from the United States "wherever there is a flood, an earthquake, a fire, a natural disaster. . . ." Yet no critic of the United States has ever used terms like "fantastic greed for profit and gain which goes beyond all reason, all limitations, all conscience," to describe the American people. And if Mr. Solzhenitsyn contends that his statement was meant to apply more to the West in general than to the United States in particular, he should have made himself clear.

Non-sequiturs and contradictions are apparent in his criticisms of dealings between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. He warns us to be skeptical and vigilant in our relationships with the Russians. Yet he also warns the Soviet leaders, in his "Letter," against the danger of Western ideas. It is difficult, however, to pin down exactly what he means by Western ideas. Does he object to the system of majority rule and the preservation of minority rights? Are his criticisms purely contemporary, or do they extend to the tradition that began in early Greece? It is clear that industrialization troubles him, but this is no longer an exclusive characteristic of the West. He objects to the separation of Church and State; does he see historical experience as furnishing any negative precedent?

He says that the Russian people are even less capable of becoming a democratic society than they were 50 years ago. The fact is that the Russian people never had a chance 50 years ago to demonstrate their capability in this respect. The Bolshevik counter-revolution obliterated any possibility of a democratic experience. Solzhenitsyn certainly evinces no enthusiasm for the economic system of the United States. Nor has he anything positive to say about the U.S. brand of science and technology. He speaks favorably of the kind of political authority exercised by the Russian Orthodox Church under the Czars. He indicates he would have the Soviet Union give up its present ideology and accept the authoritarianism of a church-connected political system. Yet he says he wants to preserve the Communist Party. How the Communist Party can be preserved without keeping the ideology that is its source is not explained.

Perhaps the most baffling of all are his criticisms of the American approach to détente. He says that we give too much and don't get enough. Yet his open letter denounces the Soviet leaders for having agreed, in the first big trade negotiations under détente, to sell their natural gas to

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the United States. He condemns the Soviet government for permitting "foreigners to carry off our priceless treasure, Siberian natural gas."

Which Solzhenitsyn are we to believe—the Solzhenitsyn who freely criticizes the United States because it doesn't demand enough in its dealings with the Soviet Union or the Solzhenitsyn who flays the Soviet leaders for acceding to America's request for a resource that the Soviet Union has in great abundance and that the American people need so urgently?

He says that "true" détente is as necessary to life on earth as the air we breathe but also implies that the American leaders were hoodwinked and should have realized that détente is a farce. Would he have us believe that Dwight Eisenhower, John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and their Secretaries of State were all simpletons in their dealings with the Soviet Union? Would he have us believe that the present situation, with all its uncertainties and risks, is not preferable to the Cold War in the context of push-button nuclear warfare?

Mr. Solzhenitsyn would contend, of course, that he is arguing that the U.S. should accept détente only if the Soviet leaders are required to carry out basic reforms inside the Soviet Union. The need for political change or reform, of course, is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but it has nothing to do with the nature or purpose of détente. The underlying theory of détente is that serious differences separate both countries but that these differences must not be allowed to become the combustibles of a world holocaust. Détente also means that neither the United States nor the Soviet Union, in attempting to prevent a nuclear war, is expected to accept the ideology of the other.

One may believe, as Mr. Solzhenitsyn does, that every effort must be made to open up the Soviet Union and to reduce the sufferings of its people. But history shows that external tensions and internal repressions go hand in hand and that nations in a mood of militant antagonisms tend toward authoritarianism and aggression.

Nikita Khrushchev broke sharply with Stalin and interacted with Presidents Kennedy and Johnson in putting an end to the Cold War. No one would contend that the Soviet Union was not a dictatorship under Khrushchev, but at least some ventilation took place that made it possible for people to move in and out of the Soviet Union and for writers and thinkers like Pasternak, Sakharov, Yevtushenko, and Solzhenitsyn himself to say their pieces without being shot the same day. It is not unlikely that Solzhenitsyn owes the fact that he got out of Russia alive to the thawing of the Cold War. The increased awareness by Soviet leaders of the importance of world public opinion—a concomitant of détente—made possible the release of Solzhenitsyn and his family.

It is interesting, incidentally, to observe the differences between Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov, the renowned scientist who has been no less forthright and courageous than Solzhenitsyn in opposing Soviet injustices and abuses of human rights.

Andrei Sakharov's disagreements with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn are not over Solzhenitsyn's opposition to conditions of life inside the Soviet Union. Sakharov pays full respect to Solzhenitsyn for his witness against the abuses of political power by the Soviet leaders, but he is troubled by what he regards as a certain murkiness in Solzhenitsyn's thinking, reflected in recurring contradictions and paradoxes. Sakharov says that Solzhenitsyn is not opposed to totalitarianism in general but to Marxist totalitarianism in particular. Sakharov refers to Solzhenitsyn's literary and political writings as hard evidence that the famed novelist favors the kind of Church authoritarianism known under the Czars.

Sakharov also argues that the thrust of Solzhenitsyn's ideas is retrogressive and would make the Soviet Union more nationalistic, more introverted, more provincial, more detached from the rest of the world. Sakharov believes that the principal problems of our time can be solved only on the world level and that the main obligation of nations is to transcend their orthodoxy and to create a society of the whole.

In the same sense, Sakharov believes that Solzhenitsyn is wrong when he cautions the Soviet leaders against being infected by Western ideas. Sakharov not only is not afraid of Western ideas but also believes that Western history and experience have much to offer, beginning with the idea of human freedom and human perfectibility, and extending through to freedom of inquiry and scientific research and the ability to produce, so vital in the modern world. He feels that the fullest possible interaction of peoples and ideas are essential ingredients of world peace.

As for Solzhenitsyn's belief that the Russian people are not capable of democratic government, Sakharov contends that Solzhenitsyn holds them too lightly. Sakharov does not view democracy as chaos-prone but rather as a profound release leading to genuine progress.

IT WAS AGAINST THIS BACKGROUND of reflections on Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn that I accepted a recent invitation from Mr. Lawrence Spivak to join the panel that would interview Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn on the "Meet the Press" television program. The other participants were Bill Monroe, of the National Broadcasting Company; Hedrick Smith, of *The New York Times*; and Peter Lisagor, of the *Chicago Daily News*.

Mr. Solzhenitsyn, in the brief exchanges before broadcast time, spoke in English sporadically. For the program itself, simultaneous translation was arranged, with earphones for the participants. An interpreter, in a booth, "spoke over" Solzhenitsyn's voice.

Mr. Solzhenitsyn was most generous and far-reaching in his replies to the panel's questions, the result being that there was time for only one round of direct exchanges, with each interviewer asking no more than two questions.

My first question referred to a point made in Mr. Solzhenitsyn's Nobel acceptance speech, in which he spoke about the importance of great literature in any understanding of a nation and its people. I asked him what great American books he had turned to for his understanding of the United States and its people.

His reply was that he had not made precisely the statement I had attributed to him. He said he had referred in his Nobel Lecture to the importance of literature for carrying forward and conveying the historical experience of a society. He did not specify the titles of any American books that, in his own terms, gave him an understanding of the historical experiences of the American society.

My second question grew out of his warning to the American people about the need for caution in their dealings with the Soviet Union. Yet he had also warned the Soviet leaders about dealing with the West. He had been explicit in talking to the American people about what it was we had to fear in our dealings with the Soviet Union. What did he believe the Soviet Union had to fear in its dealings with us? Mr. Solzhenitsyn replied by denying that he had warned

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Letters From Readers

The Aspirin Controversy

1. Aspirin Manufacturer's Reply to N.C.
2. Proprietary Association's Reply to N.C.
3. Comment From N.C.

1. N.C.'s editorial ("Pain, Panic, and Pills," May 31) does not, in our opinion, reflect accurately the medical data on aspirin. Expert medical testimony overwhelmingly favors use of aspirin for relief of pain resulting from a wide variety of causes, including the chronic pain suffered by those afflicted with arthritis. Dr. Harvey Weiss, associate professor of medicine at Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, summarized this viewpoint well in a statement a few months ago before the Food and Drug Administration's panel on analgesics:

On the whole, the incidence of serious adverse reactions to aspirin is low, and it must rank as one of the safest of drugs. The exposure of the public to the drug, both in terms of its long history of use and the number of people who use it, would clearly have turned up any serious problem by now.

In his discussion of aspirin, he recognizes its widespread use by arthritic patients not only because of its pain-deadening characteristics but also because of its anti-inflammatory effect. By definition, arthritis is inflammation of the joint. For relief of pain resulting from this inflammation, Cecil-Loeb's *Textbook of Medicine*, standard reading for the profession, states: "For control of pain in rheumatoid arthritis, no drug stands up as well over a period of time as salicylate. This may be administered either as acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) or as sodium salicylate. . . ."

We know of no medical research which indicates that the anti-inflammatory value of aspirin is, as you say, "offset by the harm it causes to the body's vital chemistry." In fact, that has not been concluded by any of the researchers whose papers you cite. The Hirsh *et al.* paper from the professional journal *Blood* makes no such judgment; nor does the paper by Dr. Sperryn in the *Annals of Rheumatic Diseases.*

Dr. Sperryn does report a mean daily fecal blood loss of five milliliters among his research subjects taking aspirin, but he makes no judgment such as Mr. Cousins suggests. Researchers have found such a blood loss to be within the acceptable range—whether a person is taking aspirin or not. In fact, Dr. Ivan E. Danhof, associate professor of physiology, University of Texas Southwestern Medical School, has found in his studies that such a gastrointestinal blood loss is no more than one might expect in eating spicy foods.

Dr. Franz Ingelfinger, a world-renowned gastroenterologist, commented on a major Boston study of aspirin-induced gastrointestinal blood loss in the May 23, 1974, issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine.* The findings, he said, "do not warrant the blanket proscription of aspirin for fear that it will cause clinically important bleeding from the gut. It is, moreover, an extremely questionable practice to withhold aspirin, because of its possible gastric effects, from a patient who desperately requires the relief provided by this excellent analgesic."

Interestingly, this same viewpoint is echoed by one of the researchers you

---

against Western ideas and said that his open letter had been widely misinterpreted.

Peter Lisagor asked a question that was on my own list. He said he wondered what kind of society Mr. Solzhenitsyn would like to see in Russia. Since Mr. Solzhenitsyn had said democracy was in a state of decline, did this mean that he would like to see Russia return to the kind of government it knew under the Czars?

Mr. Solzhenitsyn denied that he believed democracy was in decline and pointed to Switzerland as an example of an efficient and flourishing society. He left his audience with the impression that this might be a model for the Soviet Union. He made no mention of the fact, however, that he had written that he believed an authoritarian, rather than a democratic, government was required for the Russian people.

The questioning by Mr. Smith and Mr. Monroe was mainly concerned with his exile and aspects of détente. Mr. Solzhenitsyn was ungrudging in the time he gave to his responses, although he may have misunderstood the precise nature of some of the questions, judging from his replies.

SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS: Mr. Solzhenitsyn has a commanding presence, ruddy features, and a strong voice. He uses words with extraordinary power, whether in writing or speaking. Those words are full of zest and allusion, but they don't nourish the sequential intelligence. His calls for action create an impulse to start moving, but the impulse is not readily sustained by further thought. His persuasive powers appear to rely more on personal assumptions than on historical perspective or data.

In the Soviet Union his dissent was majestic, but it is the fact of that dissent even more than the substance of it that gives him his claim on history. The man has become more important than his platform. The symbolism supersedes the message. He comes from a society in which writers are expected to be philosophers and architects of political and social change. Yet his own philosophy and political advocacy fall short of the coherence, luminosity, and recognizable purpose to be found, say, in Dostoevski's *Notes From the Underground* or Tolstoi's *What Is Art?*

It would be difficult to fix a place for Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn in the annals of freedom in view of his yearnings for a return to ecclesiastical authoritarianism, the most visible model for which is the old Czarist religious Orthodoxy. He is a product of revolution but is an exemplar of reversion. Neither Girondist nor Jacobin, he is far from being a Russian Thomas Paine. He has repudiated Marx but not the instrument for conveying Marxist ideas. Certainly, he is not in the mainstream of the soaring and poetic ideas of liberty associated with John Milton, John Stuart Mill, and Thomas Jefferson. He may not even be an Edmund Burke.

Wordsworth once wrote:

Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least.

Solzhenitsyn's problem is not that he is inaudible but that he is anachronistic; he may be speaking to the wrong century. Whether this is his loss or ours may be at the bottom of the growing debate over Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. N.C.

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cite. Dr. M. A. Sahud, director of the coagulation laboratory at Providence Hospital in Oakland, Calif., spoke at the 1974 meeting of the FDA's analgesics panel mentioned earlier, and he said: "Whatever increased blood loss might be attributed to, the presence of the aspirin effect on platelets is simply insignificant when compared to the therapeutic benefit of the product." In point of fact, it is precisely aspirin's inhibition of platelet aggregation that is being investigated by other medical researchers as a future therapy that may help prevent heart attacks and strokes. This research is based upon preliminary studies that indicated such a probability.

Dr. Sahud's 1971 article in the English medical journal *The Lancet,* to which you referred, dealt with the theoretic blocking of ascorbic acid (vitamin C) in the formation of collagen, which is the main supportive protein of connective tissue. Aspirin does block the uptake of ascorbic acid into platelets, but whether or not plasma or platelet levels of ascorbic acid can be used as indicators of tissue levels is scientifically debatable.

N.C.'s aspirin editorial propounds this theory and says, in effect, that it "would seem to run directly counter to the body's need to combat connective tissue breakdown in arthritic conditions." Contrary to that, there is solid clinical evidence that aspirin plays a direct role in the repair of joint injuries. The research group involved was headed by Dr. O. Donald Chrisman, associate clinical professor of orthopedic surgery at Yale Medical School. Dr. Chrisman studied 39 accident-damaged knee joints. Of the patients involved, 40 percent took 10 aspirin tablets a day for six to eight weeks; the others took no aspirin. Of the 16 aspirin-treated knees, there were only 3 that developed softening of the cartilage; of the 23 untreated knees, all but two suffered some softening. After computing that such a lopsided result would be virtually impossible by chance, Dr. Chrisman concluded that aspirin therapy can be recommended as a prophylactic treatment to protect against cartilage degeneration.

In N.C.'s editorial he refers to aspirin as the "king of all pain-killers." This is a true statement. Aspirin is the standard against which all other analgesics and anti-arthritic medicines continue to be measured.

George S. Goldstein, M.D.
Medical Director
Glenbrook Laboratories, N.Y., N.Y.

2. The Proprietary Association, a national trade association representing most manufacturers of non-prescription or over-the-counter (OTC) medicines, agrees that the indiscriminate use of medicines is an appropriate source of concern, particularly if there is clear evidence that such misuse is taking place to a significant degree.

However, the association does not agree with the sweeping statements made in "Pain, Panic, and Pills." The assertion that America is becoming "a nation of pill-grabbers"—with respect to "pain-killers," which are defined as "analgesics or desensitizing drugs," and in which "aspirins, barbiturates, codeines, tranquilizers, and sleeping pills" are all lumped together—is highly conjectural. This assertion is not supported in the editorial or elsewhere by scientific fact, and, if anything, evidence supports the contrary point of view.

If, as claimed, we are a nation of "pill-grabbers," desperately seeking to avoid pain, this situation should be reflected in greatly increased sales of analgesics advertised to the general public. The fact is, however, that sales of these analgesic drugs (measured as manufacturers' drug shipments) declined 3.3 percent from 1969 to 1973—the most recent years for which figures are available from the U.S. Bureau of Census. At the same time, the U.S. population grew nearly 4 percent.

Furthermore, a study conducted by Balter *et al.*, of the National Institute of Mental Health, comparing anti-anxiety/sedative drug use in the United States with nine Western European countries, found that:

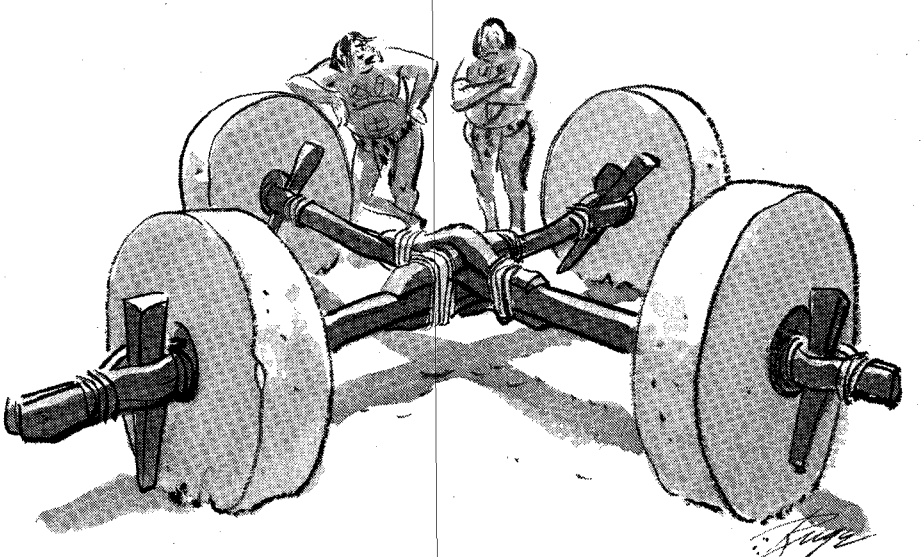
> Results placed the United States slightly above the middle among the nine European countries covered in this survey on use-rates for anti-anxiety/sedative drugs—a finding that strongly suggests that this country is neither unique nor atypical in drug use. . . . Results obtained from a battery of questions on attitudes toward tranquilizers in the United States study revealed a strong conservative orientation among the United States public.

The countries surveyed included Sweden, which has *no television advertising of over-the-counter medicines,* yet which had the second highest percentage of anti-anxiety/sedative drug use. This finding hardly supports the editorial's statement that "advertising for pain-killing drugs, especially over television, has set the stage for mass anxiety and neurosis [in the U.S.]."

THE CLOSING CRITICISM of the FDA in the editorial reflects a very regrettable ignorance of that agency's massive project involving a category-by-category review of the ingredients found in the great majority of OTC products currently on the market. This FDA-OTC review was initiated in 1972, is still in progress, and includes OTC analgesic and anti-anxiety ingredients that are part of the editorial's broad classification of "pain-killers" ("barbiturates, codeines, tranquilizers, and sleeping pills" referred to in the editorial are almost entirely prescription medicines and are not advertised on television).

It would appear most desirable to become much more informed on this project and the subject before editorializing

(Continued on page 58.)



"Just because you invented the wheel, *it doesn't follow logically that you can go on to the* wagon."

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World Progress Report

Rent-a-Granny

Back in 1962 a newly widowed, Albuquerque, N.M., grandmother named Anne Beckman discovered for herself the common prejudice that condemns millions of energetic older Americans to frustrating idleness. Despite her 35 years of professional experience in social work and her determination to remain active and productive, Ms. Beckman could not find anyone who would hire her.

Instead of resigning herself to forced early retirement, however, Ms. Beckman created a new career for herself: in the past dozen years, her non-profit "Rent-a-Granny" service has found work—part-time, temporary, or full-time—for almost 4,500 elderly residents of Albuquerque.

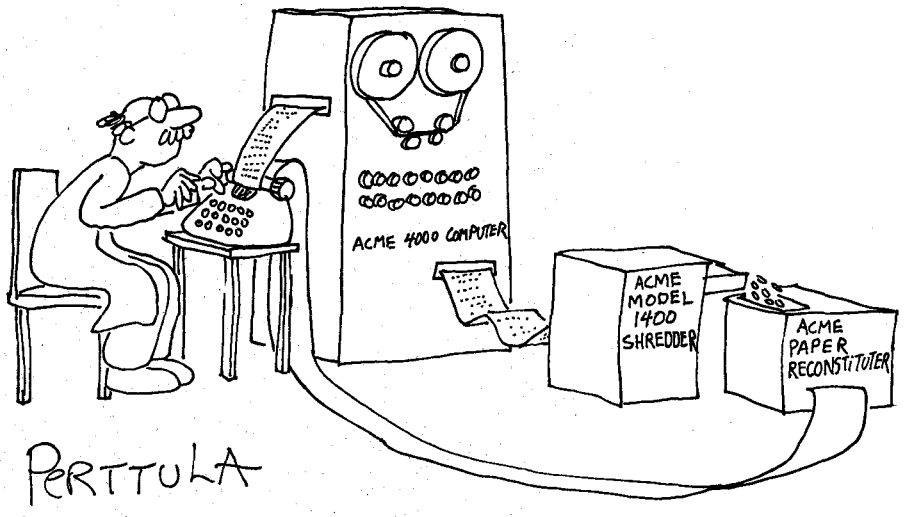
In the beginning, by promoting her service with a line in the classified telephone directory and contacting any organization that would listen, Ms. Beckman found that the biggest demand was for baby-sitters, which she insists on calling "child-care workers." Now, however, Rent-a-Granny fills as many as 300 requests a month for such varied services as house painting, home repairs, nursing, sales, data processing, chauffeuring, and accounting. "Jobs are becoming so diversified," reports Ms. Beckman, "that we need more diversified workers." One oil engineer of advanced years was recently placed by Rent-a-Granny in a $22,000-a-year job, while another elderly man toured Europe as a paid traveling companion for a wealthy tourist.

Bumper Harvest

Thanks to advances in agricultural techniques and technology, America's wheat farmers are more productive than their grandfathers and fathers ever dreamed of being, because they provide the daily bread for domestic consumption as well as for growing markets around the world. Nevertheless, the wheat-growers run a never-ending, nip-and-tuck race with burgeoning populations, rising affluence, and the caprices of climate. A recently announced breakthrough by plant breeders at two major seed companies, Pioneer Hi-Bred and DeKalb AgResearch, now holds the promise that already prodigious wheat yields may be increased by another 20 percent or more.

After years of careful cross-fertilization between purebred strains with various desirable characteristics, the genetic researchers have been able to produce hybrid seeds carrying a superior legacy. To begin with, the man-made varieties of wheat produce more grains in the head atop each stalk than do the best purebreds. The height of the plants has been genetically adjusted so that the maximum amount of the plant's growing time and photosynthetic energy will be allocated to producing grain, while the stalk has been strengthened to withstand the pressures of wind and rain and hold the wheat's head high until harvest time. As a result, Pioneer reports that its four hybrids are producing about 38 bushels per acre, compared with the 30-bushel average of purebreds. DeKalb is achieving similar results with 10 new wheat strains.

The first new varieties are all so-called hard-winter wheats, the world's major source of flour for bread; they are planted in the fall for harvesting early the following summer. Both companies are working to produce the same improvements in the soft spring wheats that are used primarily in pastries and pasta. "We're still in the early development stage," says Dr. William Brown, Pioneer's president, comparing the progress of his wheat hybrids with that of corn in the mid-Thirties. "But we're quite positive now that we can produce hybrid wheat seed in great enough quantities and with the potential yield to increase the world's supply of wheat dramatically."



Have a Heart

For patients with heart valves damaged by congenital deformations, rheumatic fever, or other problems, specialists at Stanford University Hospital in Palo Alto, Calif., have found an unlikely source of replacement parts. On the basis of some 400 successful operations at Stanford, and others at leading hospitals in the United States and Europe, the doctors report that the best substitute for a human heart valve is the heart valve of *Sus scrofa*, the common domestic pig.

The use of the pig valve, according to the Stanford scientists, avoids the major problems associated with alternative valve replacements used in the past. Plastic-and-metal mechanical valves, available for the last 15 years and still used in many hospitals, tend to cause blood clotting, which must in turn be countered by anti-coagulant drugs with potentially dangerous side effects of their own. The use of human valves from cadavers is limited by the tendency of the recipient's tissues to reject the foreign intrusion and by the shortage of donated organs.

The pig valves, which are more durable than the mechanical imitations and similar to human valves in size and structure, are preserved in a fixative that makes them biochemically inert, mounted on a polypropylene platform, and then sheathed in Dacron, to bypass the recipients' immunological mechanisms. Reporting a better-than-95-percent survival rate for their patients, with almost universal improvement in heart function, Dr. Edward Stinson, assistant professor of surgery at Stanford, concludes that pig valves provide "a technically and functionally satisfactory valve substitute."

ANTHONY WOLFF

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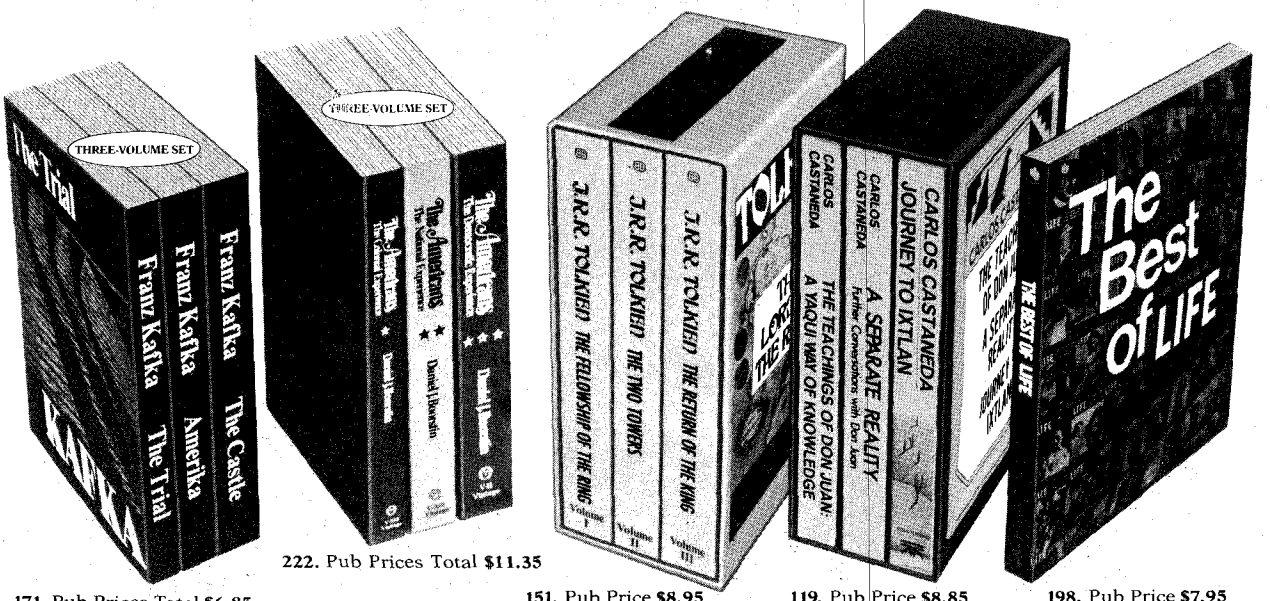

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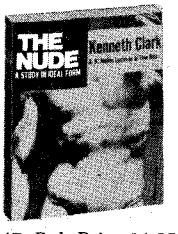

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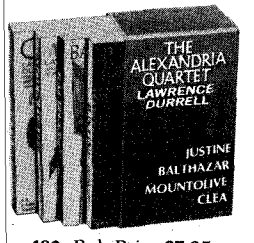

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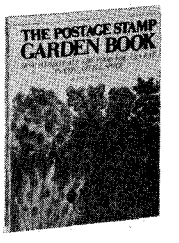

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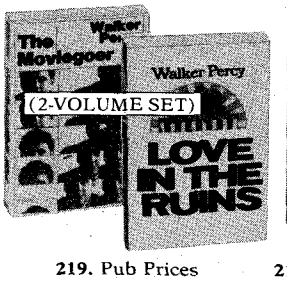

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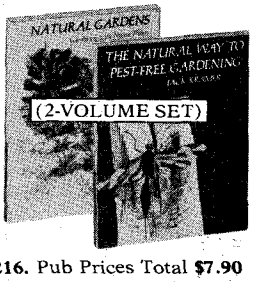

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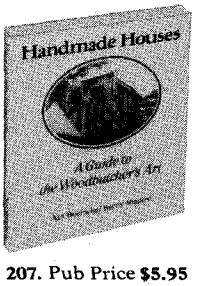

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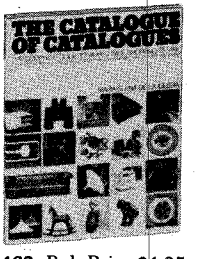

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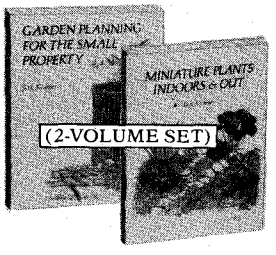

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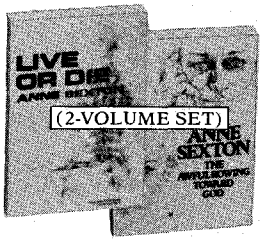

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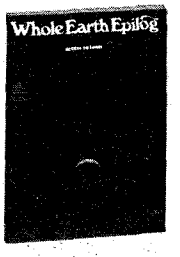

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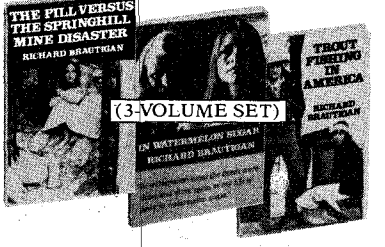

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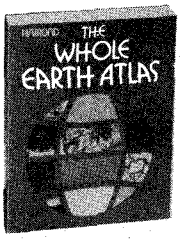

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

The Assault of Jane Doe

Some weeks ago I used this column to answer Jane Doe, a high-school student who had written to say that she was "doing a paper" about me and had looked into "various reference books," but that they had left her with one question she could not answer: had I written any poems that reflected any part of my personal life?

The human child, I will insist, is not so naturally stupid as Jane's letter makes him or her appear to be. It takes the energy and dedication of a trained body of teachers to start with a bright-eyed first-grader and to instill Jane Doe stupidity in no more than 12 years. I was moved to remind the teachers that they had done this child no service by pumping her head full of their own brand of marshmallow fluff.

Marshmallow fluff, when offered in place of education, is a fair target for satire, whose function, in the classical formula, is "to hold folly up to ridicule." Satire works best when directed against a specific character. Beginning with the letter from my mailbag, I removed or altered everything in the letter that could identify—or be recognized by—my original letter writer: all but the one abysmal question about poems and my personal life. Even with that question included, I could feel sure that no child with a mind bound by "various reference books" would be looking into *SR*. The character of my little satire was safely character-invented, a piece of crypto-fiction to serve as my foil in ridiculing bad teachers and bad teaching.

The ridicule reached the teachers, yet did not reach them. Back came a flood of letters, all from teachers, all accusing me of malevolence, crudity, insensitivity to the tender feelings of a child, of insane ego, smugness, sadism, and general intent to assault high-school girls. Satire works—to a point—but not to the point of moving a teacher to ask what is wrong with a classroom that breeds assumptions as stupid as Jane's. I know my own character too well to defend it. I have, nevertheless, not had time to be guilty of everything, and I will plead accordingly.

To the charge of assaulting high-school girls, I will confess that there have been times when I could have been tempted, but that my wife wouldn't permit it.

To the charge of having assaulted Jane Doe in my (composite quote) dungy, perverted, gross, arrogant, conceited, insufferable way (end composite quote), I will note only that Jane Doe does not exist. I invented her in order to talk through her to her tender-stupid, compassionate-stupid, supportive-stupid, remediational-stupid, can't-see-through-a-disguise-stupid teachers. If my irate-gentle teachers cannot see past the nose of an anecdote, I will yet gamble that the young can, and that they can learn from their teachers' reactions, if only through another anecdote, which I here offer to the young on its own merits and to the teachers with a teachers' guide to help them see what the young can see unaided.

Years ago one of the leading shows on national TV was the act in which Edgar Bergen, a ventriloquist, appeared with an impudent dummy named Charley McCarthy. Bergen was good at his trade. He managed to project an image of his dummy as a brash and bumptious young woodenhead who required constant scolding and correction. The act drew so many letters from viewers that the studio had to set up a staff to sort and answer the mail. One of the sorters later reported that 9 out of 10 letters were addressed not to Edgar Bergen but to Charley McCarthy.

Teachers' Guide:

(1) What is going on in a human head when X watches a ventriloquist's act and then writes a letter—to the dummy?

(2) What is going on in that head when a clerk at the studio sends back a letter signed by the dummy?

(3) The ventriloquist is large and old; the dummy, small and seemingly young. If the ventriloquist acts unsympathetically toward the dummy, is he assaulting American youth? If the ventriloquist spanks the dummy, whom does he offend?

(4) X grows irate in defense of the dummy. Describe the principles of such behavior and the assumptions on which those principles are based.

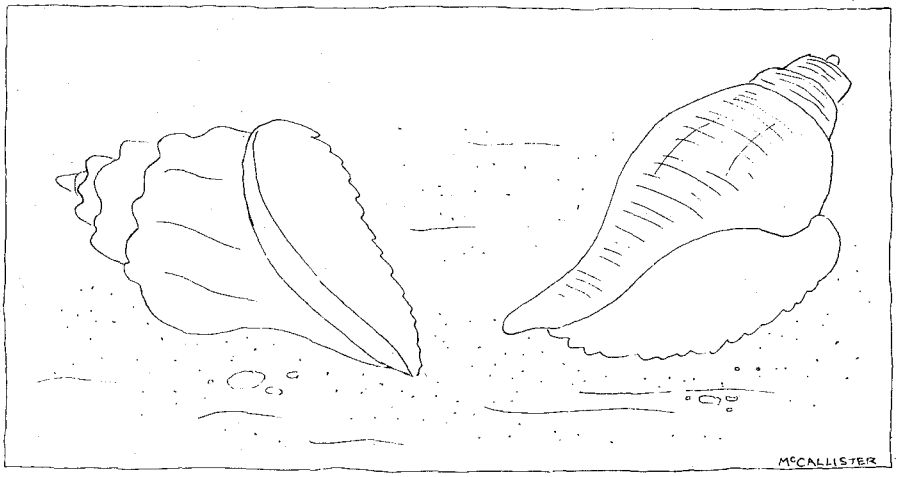
(5) In terms so simple that even another teacher (or even a school administrator) can understand, write a paper analyzing the difference between a ventriloquist and a dummy.

(6) You are a militant member of a minority group called Wood is Good, and you observe a ventriloquist in the act of defaming a dummy. List the points you will make when you file your complaint with the proper federal agency.

(7) You are an attorney for the ventriloquist. List the points you will argue for the defense in an action brought by Wood is Good.

P.S. to teachers: if you feel secure enough to present to your class a piece that says unkind things about some teachers, clip this column and offer it for class discussion (you have my permission to photostat it).

P.S. to students: if your teacher, despite the unkind things I have said about some teachers, offers you this column for class discussion, treat him or her respectfully, for you have a teacher willing to chase an idea around a corner—with some sense of where the corner is. □



"The next clown who holds me to his ear . . . do you know what I'm going to do? Cut loose with a piercing primal scream!"

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

A Tough Act to Follow

In the old vaudeville days, comedians would refuse to follow an animal act —dogs and monkeys in particular. Their reasoning was that you never saw a comic do a stand-up routine in a three-ring circus. A more obvious excuse, never spelled out by the funnymen, was their fear that the audience would sense the vast gap between the two acts in skill, taste, and professionalism.

But another act today is even tougher to follow, especially if you happen to be in my line of work. For some 25 years I've been a card-carrying columnist for *SR*, trying seriously to write reasonably humorous comments on the day's news. But the day's news in itself has become so tragically ludicrous it has become the monkey on my back that I find difficult to follow.

I envy the acts on TV that are known as The Seven O'Clock Newscasts, starring Cronkite, Chancellor, and Smith/Reasoner. As I switch from one to the other and back again, I listen in astonishment to Cronkite as he says, "President Ford's trip to Europe has been said to be a success." So I ask, "Who said that, Walter?" Switching quickly to Chancellor, I hear John say, "Secretary of State Kissinger described the President's trip to Europe as a success." Then to Smith/Reasoner, where I hear that Kissinger has indeed called the President's trip a success.

That was the news—slick, honed to the bone. Nobody thought of bringing on a small boy who would cry out, "Look, the Emperor wears no clothes!"

Then there were the evening newscasts one day last May, after President Ford, wearing his commander in chief's hat, had sent our jets, our navy, and 200 marines to rescue 32 Americans aboard a cargo vessel that had been shipnapped by some Cambodian sailors. And Cronkite and Chancellor and Smith/Reasoner were there to tell us about our triumphant victory.

Straight-faced, deadpan, they read to us the news that America had flexed its mighty muscles and had shown the world that our country is not to be trifled with. They reported, to the cheers of our Congress and the applause of most of our population, that our President had taken a low bow for the success of his high-risk military maneuvers against an act of piracy. America may have lost the war, but it had won the last battle.

It was a gala evening. The lights of the network newsrooms seemed to glow more brightly; the spirits of Cronkite, Chancellor, and Smith/Reasoner seemed higher. It was the first good war news in years that they had been able to cast. And I marveled at their skill—not their skill at pronouncing the name of the ship recaptured by American power and strength from the mighty Cambodian navy, but their skill at refraining from breaking up.

Cronkite, Chancellor, and Smith/Reasoner are intelligent men, aware and learned. Surely, they must have realized that what they were describing as a moment of American military glory was the battle of David and Goliath, with the knowledge in their hearts that in this latest go-around, it was Goliath who had the slingshot.

How do the newscasters keep from laughing? I've often wondered whether they sneak off camera and roar with laughter during the commercials. Oh, I know the easy answer: they only report the news, make no comment, and do not even allow the lift of an eyebrow or permit a twinkle to wander into their eyes. Not only are they a tough act to follow; indeed, their act must be a tough one to perform. But even so, it's becoming tougher every day for a writer who employs humor. It is difficult to lampoon what is parody itself.

William K. Zinsser is America's finest humor essayist. A teacher of writing at Yale, he has so far produced seven books, the most delightful ever to come down Harper Row. In them you can sense a writer's love for his craft as he dissects the unpredictable human condition with humor edged with a slight touch of lunacy.

In one book, *Pop Goes America*, Mr. Zinsser devotes a chapter to American humor: "Important," he says, "in making a nation see itself clearly. The humorist has got to be involved in the life of his times, or he isn't a true humorist." And he goes on to mention that Will Rogers once said it's no big deal being a humorist when you have the whole government working for you.

Maybe so in those amiable times before we had TV. But the government is working against the humorist with the kind of non-toppable news it supplies the Cronkites, the Chancellors, and the Smith/Reasoners today. They punch a button, and pop goes an American President running for election. He tells us that our economy has taken a turn for the better. At least, he indicates he has finally noticed a tunnel; the light will come later. Then, a moment afterward, he blames the Democratic Congress for the economy that he has just told us has taken a turn for the better.

No other humorist can be funnier than that. □

"If they really want to save money, why don't they stop defending the country on holidays?"

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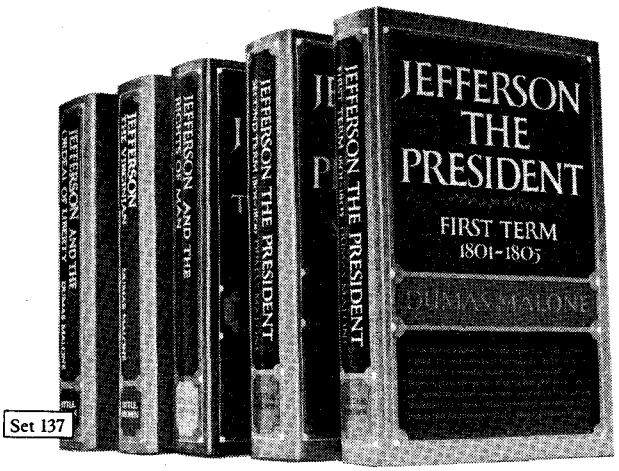

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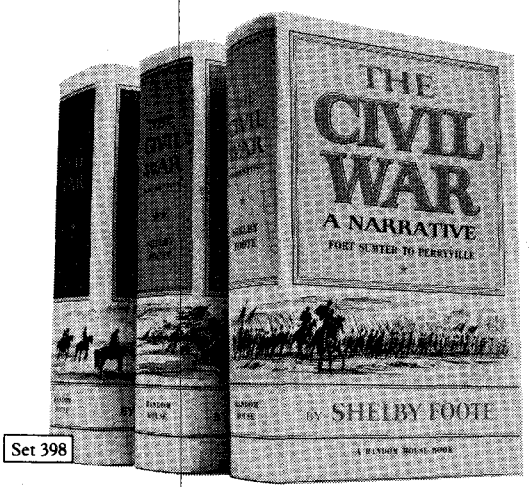

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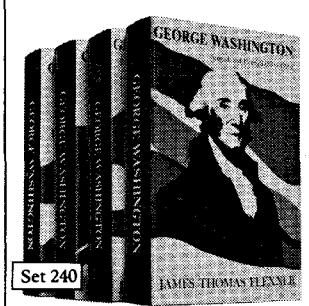

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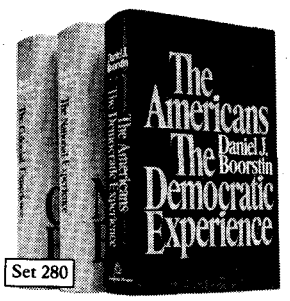

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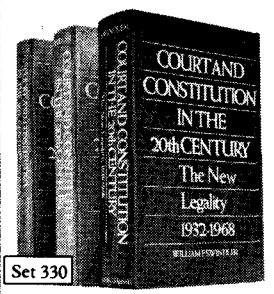

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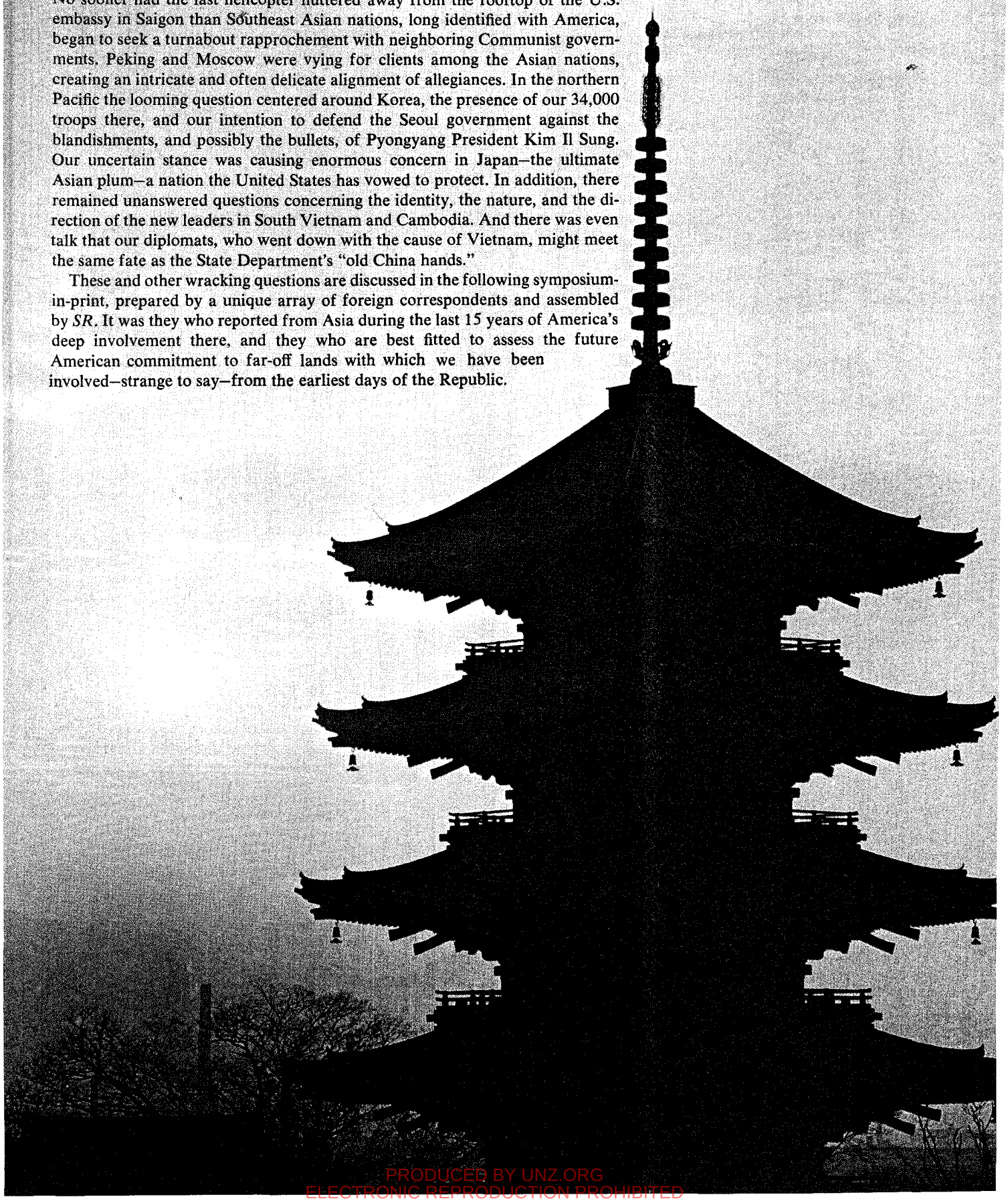
ASIA WITHOUT AMERICA:
What Would It Mean?

The inglorious American departure from Indochina has fostered considerable speculation on America's continued role as a force in Asia and the Pacific. No sooner had the last helicopter fluttered away from the rooftop of the U.S. embassy in Saigon than Southeast Asian nations, long identified with America, began to seek a turnabout rapprochement with neighboring Communist governments. Peking and Moscow were vying for clients among the Asian nations, creating an intricate and often delicate alignment of allegiances. In the northern Pacific the looming question centered around Korea, the presence of our 34,000 troops there, and our intention to defend the Seoul government against the blandishments, and possibly the bullets, of Pyongyang President Kim Il Sung. Our uncertain stance was causing enormous concern in Japan—the ultimate Asian plum—a nation the United States has vowed to protect. In addition, there remained unanswered questions concerning the identity, the nature, and the direction of the new leaders in South Vietnam and Cambodia. And there was even talk that our diplomats, who went down with the cause of Vietnam, might meet the same fate as the State Department's "old China hands."

These and other wracking questions are discussed in the following symposium-in-print, prepared by a unique array of foreign correspondents and assembled by *SR*. It was they who reported from Asia during the last 15 years of America's deep involvement there, and they who are best fitted to assess the future American commitment to far-off lands with which we have been involved—strange to say—from the earliest days of the Republic.



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Japan—The Ultimate Domino?

Dependent upon outside sources to feed its industry, unlikely to return to militarism, Japan is tied to the U.S. by need, trade, and common aspirations.

by Keyes Beech

Years ago, long before détente became fashionable, an American correspondent asked a Japanese foreign minister what Japan was going to do about China. The question seemed to amuse the minister. "You tell me what the United States is going to do," he chuckled, "and I'll tell you what Japan is going to do."

When President Nixon got around to deciding what the United States was going to do about China, he did not tell Japan. Instead, he announced to an astonished world that he was going to visit Peking. Then, enormously pleased with himself, he went off to dinner at an expensive Los Angeles restaurant with his advance man, Henry Kissinger.

Three months ago, in a speech before the Japan Society in New York, four years after the Nixon bombshell, Secretary of State Kissinger finally apologized for that omission: "Adjustments in U.S. economic policies and a new policy toward China in 1971 led to painful but transitory misunderstanding to which —let us be frank—our own tactics contributed. We have learned from experience. . . ."

This rare display of humility by the Lone Ranger of American diplomacy went down well with the Japanese, who do not especially like him. More important, the Kissinger speech was the first of a series of carefully prepared steps agreed upon by the two governments toward forging a new "special relationship" between Washington and Tokyo.

Significantly, many of the thoughts incorporated in Kissinger's speech were suggested by the Japanese. After 30 years of fumbling and groping, it seemed that U.S.-Japan relations were on the right track. After a disastrous detour to Southeast Asia, the thrust of U.S. Asia policy had returned to Northeast Asia—where it belonged.

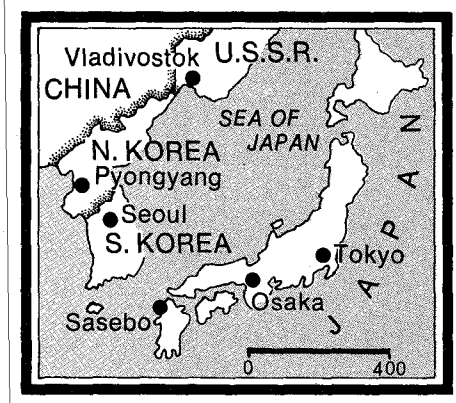
Unlike the British, with whom Washington has a "special relationship" of diminishing importance, the Japanese do not share with Americans the bond of a common language. But there are other relationships that transcend the language barrier. Taken together, Japan and the United States account for more than 50 percent of the world's trade. They also happen to be the two greatest overseas trading partners in history. In the non-Communist world they rank first and second as economic powers. Politically, both are vigorous democracies whose people share common problems and common aspirations despite cultural differences.

Therefore, it should be clear that the United States cannot afford to withdraw from Asia, militarily or otherwise, unless it is willing to abdicate its role as a world power. Without Japan, the United States has no Asia policy. Moreover, despite the Japanese mass media's gloating over the American humiliation in Vietnam, the last thing Japan wants is an American withdrawal.

WHAT IS OPEN TO DEBATE is whether the United States should be an "Asian" power or a "Pacific" power. The latter role is far more attractive, because it would mean withdrawal from the Asian mainland to an island defense chain—including Japan—thus ruling out the possibility that the United States may become involved in another Asian land war.

The only problem with this argument is that the United States, committed by treaty to the defense of South Korea, has 34,000 troops there whose presence, as was intended, would automatically guarantee American involvement in the event of a North Korean invasion. Interestingly, there is every indication that another Korean War would have strong public and congressional support. A recent Harris poll showed that 43 percent of Americans would favor using American land, sea, and air forces to defend South Korea; 37 percent voted no, and 20 percent weren't sure. Thus, only six weeks after the ignominious United States exit from Vietnam, many Americans were ready to commit themselves to another land war in Asia.

The full impact of the American failure in Vietnam has yet to be assessed. That American credibility suffered a horrendous blow cannot be disputed. On the other hand, it seems clear that Japan preferred the United States out of Vietnam rather than in it. Like a good many Americans, most Japanese could never understand what we were doing in Vietnam anyway. Although the Vietnam War sometimes stirred leftist passions in Japan, most Japanese couldn't have cared less what happened in such a remote and, to them, uncivilized place. It should never be forgotten that the Japanese identify more readily with Americans than they do with other Asians.



Bob Pelletier

Refusing to go along with the conventional wisdom of Marxist-oriented Japanese intellectuals, one prominent Tokyo political scientist challenged the view that America was no longer to be trusted because it had "betrayed" the old Saigon regime. What, he asked tartly, did the critics want the United States to do? Become militarily involved in Vietnam a second time? Personally, he added, he had gained, rather than lost, trust in the

Pulitzer-Prize winner and Nieman Fellow, Keyes Beech has covered Asia for the Chicago Daily News *since World War II. He is the author of* Not Without the Americans.

Photograph: Japan Air Lines

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United States because of its refusal to make the same mistake twice.

Many Japanese commentators were not so charitable. But, as one Japanese press critic observed, the major newspapers refrained from fully celebrating the Communist victory, possibly out of fear that the United States might not react in case North Korean President Kim Il Sung tried to make good his renewed cry for "reunification" of the Korean peninsula.

JUST WHAT JAPAN WOULD DO if the United States decides to abandon its forward bases in the western Pacific is something most Japanese would prefer not to think about. But in the wake of the Vietnam juggernaut, they have begun to think about the possibility.

Michita Sakata, director general of the defense agency, has ordered a defense white paper to be published in the fall to stimulate a national consensus on the state of Japan's defenses. (According to Sakata, Japan's defense rests on three principles: the will of all Japanese to defend the nation, an adequate defense force, and the mutual security treaty with the United States. All three prin-

The Stars and Stripes in Asia, 1784–1975

Even before George Washington was inaugurated as first President of the United States, the *Empress of China*, a ship commanded by Capt. John Greene, edged from a New York port in 1784 and set sail for the long journey to China. By 1789, the year Washington was sworn in at New York, 18 merchant ships were sailing between Salem, Mass., and Canton, China. American whaling ships were rounding Cape Horn and heading into the Pacific by 1791, joining the fleet of American traders, which by now were picking up sandalwood in Hawaii and selling it in China.

The first American commercial involvement with Asia and the Pacific is as early as the Republic itself, and it was to grow rapidly as the nation grew stronger. A trading agreement was negotiated with the Chinese in 1844, and soon afterward American missionaries set out to convert the heathen masses in those distant Asian and Pacific lands. After two exploratory trips to Japan, Commodore Matthew Perry appeared off Tokyo, then called Edo, with a sizable naval force, pried open the isolationist gates of Japan, and came home with a treaty. Although the agreement did little more than allow American ships to be resupplied in Japanese ports, Perry's show of force, and Japan's lack of it, is credited with the ultimate collapse of the feudal system and the emergence of Japan on its road to modernism.

As a newly minted authority on the Far East, Perry encouraged the United States to adopt a more energetic involvement in the Orient that would offset the expansionism of Great Britain and Russia. Similarly, another naval officer, Alfred Thayer Mahan, who had fought in the Civil War and had emerged as president of the Naval War College, wrote a historical trilogy that drew worldwide attention to the use of sea power. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, he was on the Naval War Board and watched his theories proved. The Asian Squadron of the U.S. fleet destroyed the Spanish ships in Manila Bay, which led quickly to a peace conference at which Mahan served as a delegate. The Philippines and Guam, ceded to the United States, gave America a Pacific presence. That position was amplified at the same time when, after fitful politicking between the monarchy and American commercial interests, Hawaii was annexed to the United States.

Mahan's 1897 book, *The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future*, had had a profound effect on Theodore Roosevelt and on Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge, a prominent Republican leader. Both recognized the potential of Manila Bay as a strategic base. A naval foothold in Asia would strengthen America's far-flung sea power; moreover, the United States could challenge the aggressive European trade policies in China, which were choking off American interests.

When Chinese dissidents, and later the Empress Dowager herself, rose against the foreign presence in China—an outbreak that became known as the Boxer Rebellion—the United States dispatched its first combat force from its base in the Philippines. Ultimately, the United States Ninth Infantry joined the international force that took Tientsin, an engagement in which the American commander was killed. The U.S. Fourteenth Infantry assaulted the walls of Peking. It was an American field artillery battery that smashed open the Ch'i Hua Gate and an American bugler who ran up the American flag on Peking's walls.

To punctuate America's growing presence in distant seas, the U.S. Navy sent its Great White Fleet around the world. By that time it had coaling stations among its possessions in Samoa, some of whose chiefs ceded their islands to the United States shortly after the turn of the century; it had its bases in the Philippines; and Schofield Barracks in Hawaii had, by 1909, become the largest permanent army post under the U.S. flag.

The American presence in the Pacific and Asia hastened the need for building the Panama Canal. But the huge American naval base that was to emerge at Pearl Harbor, as well as Schofield itself, and the formidable American army, air force, and naval bases in the Philippines were to become prime targets when Japanese expansionism, which started in Manchuria in 1931, culminated one decade later, in the attack of December 7, 1941. By then Japan was in Indochina, had deeply gored China, and was on its way to swallowing Guam, Wake, and much of Southeast Asia, the Philippines included.

The United States responded with a naval counterattack in the Pacific, joined the China-Burma-India command, established air bases in China, sent its transport planes over the Himalayan "hump" to supply China from India, dispatched military instructors to train the Chinese army of Chiang Kai-shek.

After the Japanese surrender, in August 1945, Japanese occupation forces were removed from Korea, France assumed its pre-war colonial position in Indochina, and the Netherlands reclaimed the East Indies. But communism and nationalism emerged with vigor, the two primary forces often blending into one another, rendering them sometimes indistinguishable. The United States was never out of Asia after that. □

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ciples will be examined.) In addition, the national defense council, which is headed by the prime minister, has been revived and strengthened. And a study group of leading civilians has been formed to advise the defense agency.

Renewed concern with the nation's security is reflected in the number of articles about that subject appearing in the newspapers. The same can be said of television panel discussions.

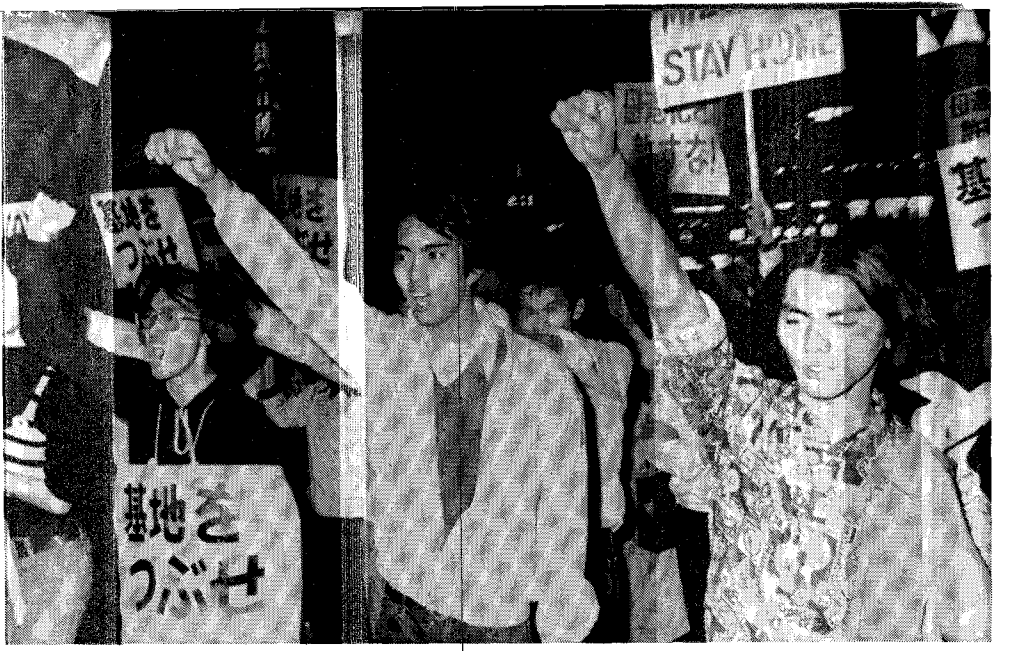
Apart from the anticipated results of the white paper, it is entirely possible that Japan will decide to do nothing much about changing its defense posture. Nor, it would seem, is there any reason to think that all this talk about defense will mean a revival of the aggressive, jack-booted militarism of the Thirties and Forties.

Few aspects of life in Japan are watched more closely than this one, not only by foreign observers and Japan's neighbors but even by the Japanese themselves. Robert S. Ingersoll, a former ambassador to Tokyo and now deputy secretary of state, summed up the American view in testimony before Congress last year: "If ever Japan were judged to be returning to an earlier militarism, tensions would rise throughout Asia, countries would arm, and China in particular would react strongly. The situation would be thrown into more serious relief were Japan to acquire a nuclear capability."

Implicit in Ingersoll's statement is the belief that the United States, rather than Japan, should be responsible for Japan's security, and the Japanese would wholeheartedly agree with that view. Not even leftist Japanese intellectuals want to tamper with the U.S.-Japan security treaty, which provides Japan with a nuclear umbrella at no cost and without the risks inherent in being a nuclear power. Even China had endorsed the treaty as part of its campaign to block Soviet "encirclement."

Quite clearly, if Japan wished to do so, it could become a major military power simply by diverting to rearmament the tremendous energy and resources that have made it the world's third largest economic power. Experts say Japan could produce a nuclear bomb similar to India's within two to six months.

But the weight of evidence against Japan's embarking on a major defense buildup or a return to militarism is overwhelming. In the first place, no other major power is so dependent on raw materials to feed its industrial machine as is Japan, which was sharply reminded of this dependency by the 1973 Arab oil squeeze. No amount of military power could guarantee the passage of Japanese tankers from the Persian Gulf through the Strait of Malacca.



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Demonstrators outside the U.S. naval base, Yokosuka—Security without America?

Politically, there is no national consensus for such a buildup in this consensus-oriented country. No political party reading from right to left advocates a return to the old militarism, although some conservatives would like to see Japan have a bigger and better defense establishment within its present political framework.

Support for the no-war clause of the nation's Constitution—according to legend, written by General MacArthur's own hand—is overwhelming. The Constitution is a kind of judicial chastity belt preventing a return to militarism. Strictly interpreting the no-war clause, a Japanese court has ruled Japan's existing armed forces, officially called self-defense forces, unconstitutional. The government has appealed.

So strict are the bounds of the defense forces that Japan can't even send a military man overseas with a U.N. peacekeeping mission. This restriction not only keeps Japan out of international brouhahas but even has the added advantage of contributing to Japan's peaceful image and saving money.

Japan's existing armed forces are hardly of the kind to cause alarm, nor is its defense budget. Japan spends less than 1 percent of its GNP on defense, an amount that is said to be lower than that spent by any other developed country except Denmark. Comparable figures are 8 percent for the United States, 18 percent for Israel, and 20 percent for the Soviet Union. To put it another way, Japan spends only $33 per person on defense compared with $404 in the United States, $468 in Israel, and $352 in the Soviet Union.

Two reasons cause the defense forces to be chronically short of manpower: Japan has attained a new affluence, and Japanese soldiers are still second-class citizens. The authorized strength of the combined forces is 266,000, but they actually number 232,000. This is less than half the armed strength of three much smaller neighbors—South Korea, North Korea, and Taiwan. American military scenarists, conjuring up a war with the Soviet Union, say that Japan's air force would last for four hours; the navy, for perhaps four days; and the army, maybe four weeks.

But perhaps the best argument for a peace-loving Japan is its awful vulnerability to attack. "The biggest non-floating target in the world," one State Department official called Japan in pointing to the density of its population and industry. Scoffing at an American futurologist's prediction that Japan would "go nuclear," a Japanese defense analyst said: "To be an effective nuclear power, you must have a second-strike capability. But after the first strike on Japan, there wouldn't be anything left of Japan."

If Japan was threatened, the situation could well be different. But Japan does not feel threatened. It cherishes its image as a superpower without guns. When it

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is pointed out that both China and the Soviet Union have nuclear weapons while Japan has none, a Japanese is likely to shrug and say, "So what? They would be crazy to drop a bomb on us, and there is nothing you can do about a crazy man anyway."

For the present, then, Japan will try to come to terms with its Communist neighbors through diplomatic and economic channels. This process was under way long before the conquest of South Vietnam. Tokyo had already established diplomatic relations with Hanoi and was quick to recognize the new Provisional Revolutionary Government in Saigon.

BUT AN UPSET in the balance of power on the Korean peninsula could change this situation radically overnight, for next to the Middle East this area is potentially the most explosive spot in the world. The last American helicopter had barely left the embassy roof in Saigon before Korea became the focal point of U.S. strategic planning because, as Washington sees it, that is where the interests of China, the Soviet Union, Japan, and the United States converge.

Korea owes its newly acquired prominence in large measure to North Korea's bellicose President Kim Il Sung, who, while Indochina was falling to the Communists, paid his first visit to China in 14 years. His battle cry was "reunification" of the Korean peninsula, and to underline his point, Kim was accompanied by an entourage of generals.

"War may break out at any moment," Kim kept saying during his trip to China and, later, through friendly capitals in Europe and North Africa. The American response to this kind of talk was predictable, especially as the Ford administration sought to restore shaken confidence in American power and resolve after the Indochina debacle. A stream of declarations by President Ford, Secretary Kissinger, and Defense Secretary James Schlesinger began flowing from Washington, reiterating American resolve and warning North Korea against "miscalculations." Ford refused to rule out the use of nuclear weapons if North Korea should invade the South.

There is, of course, more than a little irony in the fact that American security interests should return to Korea 25 years after we fought an indecisive war there at a cost of more than 33,000 American lives. Korea had, in many ways, led a strong and confident America into Vietnam. And now Vietnam, having sapped American strength and resolve after more than a decade of war, was leading us back to Korea like a yo-yo being reeled in to its starting point. To make the prospect even more distasteful, the United States was once again aligned with an unsavory Asian dictator, South Korean president Park Chung Hee, who refused to pay even lip service to democracy.

Yet, for the present there seems to be no sensible alternative to a strong American military presence in South Korea. To withdraw or even to reduce the number of American troops there at this stage would do more to provoke a war than to prevent it, for Kim would doubtless interpret such a move as an invitation to invasion.

Recent history tends to support this view. After four years of occupation after World War II, the United States had withdrawn its combat troops from South Korea, leaving only a military advisory team. After that came Secretary of State Dean Acheson's much-discussed speech in January 1950, suggesting that South Korea lay outside the "defense perimeter" of the United States. Acheson was only reflecting what was American military doctrine at that time.

But that policy changed with the North Korean attack on June 25, 1950. Suddenly, the policy of "containment of communism," which had up to then applied mainly to Europe, was extended to Asia. The United States proceeded to fight the Communists to a draw in Korea. It was later assumed as a matter of course that the same thing could be done in Southeast Asia.

IF KEEPING AMERICAN TROOPS in South Korea makes sense for the short haul, there is doubt about the long haul. President Ford, in one of his post-Vietnam "forward movements" in foreign policy, has said that he aims to "tie more closely together South Korea with the United States."

What he really means by this remark is that by keeping an anti-Communist beachhead in South Korea, the United States is casting itself in the role of an Asian power instead of a Pacific power. A majority of the American people, shaken by the defeat in Indochina, may support this policy now. There is less reason to think that they will support it a year or two from now.

It is entirely possible that so much talk of war in Korea is nothing more than bombast—that the risk, while always present when two hostile armies are facing each other, is much less than it appears to be if we listen to Kim and his counterpart, President Park, in Seoul. Park has made convenient use of North Korean truculence to pressure the United States for more military aid and to stamp out the slightest show of dissent in the South—so much so that it is becoming increasingly difficult to distinguish between his regime and the one in Pyongyang, which is his mortal enemy.

Kim's bellicose rhetoric can easily be read as part of his continuing war of nerves against the South, as a testing of American will in the wake of Vietnam, or as both. American intelligence, which keeps a watchful eye on the Korean peninsula, has found no evidence that North Korea is planning another invasion. There is one exception, however: the construction of two tunnels between the two-and-one-half-mile demilitarized

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Japanese self-defense-force trooper—"An image of a superpower without guns."

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zone, one of them big enough to move a division through in a few hours, according to military judgment.

Much as Kim would like to annex the South, there are some powerful deterrents to anything like the 1950 invasion. One is the American reaction. So long as American troops remain in South Korea, the United States would inevitably be drawn into any conflict. While the presence of American troops might not be decisive, that of a bristling array of nuclear tactical weapons could be.

Fear of failure is another element that should give Kim pause. The 600,000-man South Korean army is said to be the finest non-Communist fighting force in Asia. Equally important, there is no doubt where the South Korean people stand. Many of them would like to bring President Park down, but they aren't ready to trade President Park for President Kim.

Nor is there any sign that North Korea would get the backing it needs for a full-scale war. In contrast to Kim's strident cry for "reunification" during his visit to China, the Chinese were mild. They favored peaceful reunification. Nor has Kim received any known support from his 1950 backer, the Soviet Union.

UPI

American soldier at a forward observation post, South Korea—"Keeping troops there makes sense for the short haul, but there is doubt about the long haul."

BOTH MAJOR COMMUNIST POWERS have a vested interest in restraining North Korea from doing something rash. In the first place, a war in Korea would almost certainly finish off détente between Washington and Peking and Moscow. Besides, it would alienate Japan at a time when the two Communist rivals are wooing Japanese affection for their own political and military ends.

Although nobody can predict with certainty how the Japanese would react, if anything could remilitarize Japan it would be a Communist Korea. The cliché "Korea is a dagger pointed at the heart of Japan," which this reporter first heard more than 25 years ago, has been dusted off and given new currency. The validity of the cliché depends upon who holds the dagger. It is easy for the Japanese to accept a Communist Indochina; it would be considerably more difficult for them to accept a Communist Korea so close to home.

The Japanese have made it clear they are counting on the United States to keep the peace in Korea by keeping troops there. But they also are aware that this status quo cannot go on indefinitely. Therefore, Japan has expressed a willingness to undertake new diplomatic initiatives that it would not have attempted before.

Some indications suggest that Japan had a hand in persuading the Ford administration not to slam the door all the way shut on the possibility of diplomatic relations with the new Communist regimes in Indochina. Japan may also be in a position to stimulate a meaningful dialogue between Pyongyang and Seoul in the hope of persuading North Korea to soften its warlike posture toward the South. Conceivably, such diplomacy could make possible the withdrawal of American troops from Korea without upsetting the apple cart.

Meanwhile, the Japanese worry that the Americans will do something rash and precipitous without telling them. Assurances that the United States will live up to its defense commitment in Korea do not wholly satisfy the Japanese. For example, they can easily imagine a situation where American intervention might bring in the Chinese or the Russians and make Japan an inviting target.

To an American who has in mind that his country and his dollars are helping pay for Japan's defense as well as South Korea's, the Japanese attitude may seem unreasonable. On the other hand, the Japanese got where they are by looking out for their own best interests.

The United States might do well to take the same pragmatic approach to its post-Vietnam policy in East Asia. And after all else is said, it seems the best policy that we can have toward Japan is the one we have now. The alternative is to cut Japan adrift from its Western ties. That could be an extremely dangerous thing to do. "Japan," observed a onetime Japan-watcher, "is nobody's domino." □

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On a Tightrope in Southeast Asia

Offering a token show of amity to the Communists while looking to the U.S. for trade and aid is the formula for survival among the uncommitted nations.

by Donald Kirk

Top Southeast Asian leaders, diplomats, and businessmen may talk of the need for "self-reliance" and "nonalignment" and "adjustment," but they still look to the United States as they always have for aid, trade, investment, and expertise. Startling though this judgment may seem after the debacle in Indochina, the relevance of certain old realities clearly re-emerged once the first shock of disaster had slowly receded. "There is a great jilted-lover syndrome," said an American scholar with specific reference to Thailand. "All the equations are changing in Southeast Asia." Yet real change may not occur soon—and then only after a period of civil strife and internal coups.

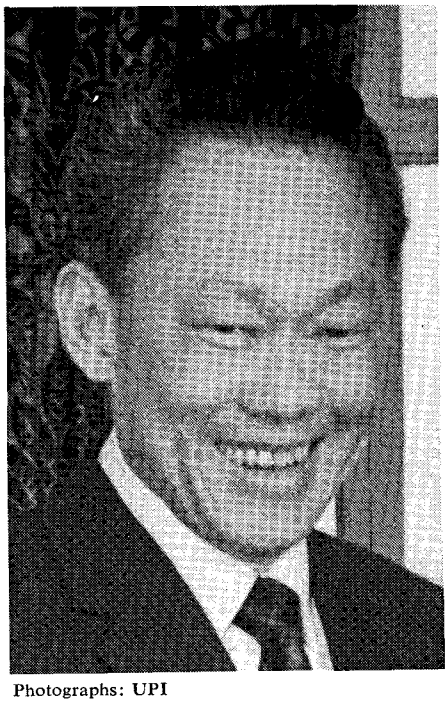
At the moment, while weighing American reassurances, Southeast Asian leaders would like to temporize with other great powers, notably the Soviet Union and China. Beneath a superficial veneer of serious change, they appear more interested in maintaining or improving on the status quo, "the system," than in adopting a radically new approach. All of them pay lip service to the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN), which was formed eight years ago as a nucleus for regional cooperation beyond any great-power alliance. ASEAN members—Indonesia, Singapore, the Philippines, Malaysia, and Thailand—would theoretically welcome Vietnam, North and South, separately or under single aegis, to membership.

Yet this outlook, enlightened though it may seem, is essentially another manifestation of the desire for maintenance of the old post-colonial order. It is a measure of considerably more than residual American influence that Philip Habib, assistant secretary of state for East Asian and Pacific affairs, was a welcome guest in ASEAN capitals in late May and June. Seemingly desperate in his pleas for more aid for Vietnam and Cambodia before the final collapse, he had recovered sufficiently to adopt an almost euphoric tone in tête-à-têtes, dinners, receptions, and press conferences from Jakarta to Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Manila, and Bangkok.

"For those people who thought at the outset that there was going to be some kind of, you know, total hand-wringing and despair and consternation on the part of the Asian leaders," said Habib in Manila, "they're made of more resilient fabric than that." While no one was happy with what happened, he conceded, Asian leaders understand now that "the United States is not just simply walking out and leaving Asia," is "not turning isolationist," "will sustain its obligations," "understands its responsibilities in this part of the world and seeks to work with, in a cooperative spirit, the Asian countries." Unconvincing though such words may have initially sounded, they fit in with the prevailing mood of most, if not all, of the national leaders whom Habib met on his trip.

Nowhere was this response more evident than in the Philippines. True, President Ferdinand Marcos, ruling under

Author of Wider War: The Struggle for Cambodia, Thailand, and Laos, *Donald Kirk spent three years in the Far East for the* Chicago Tribune.



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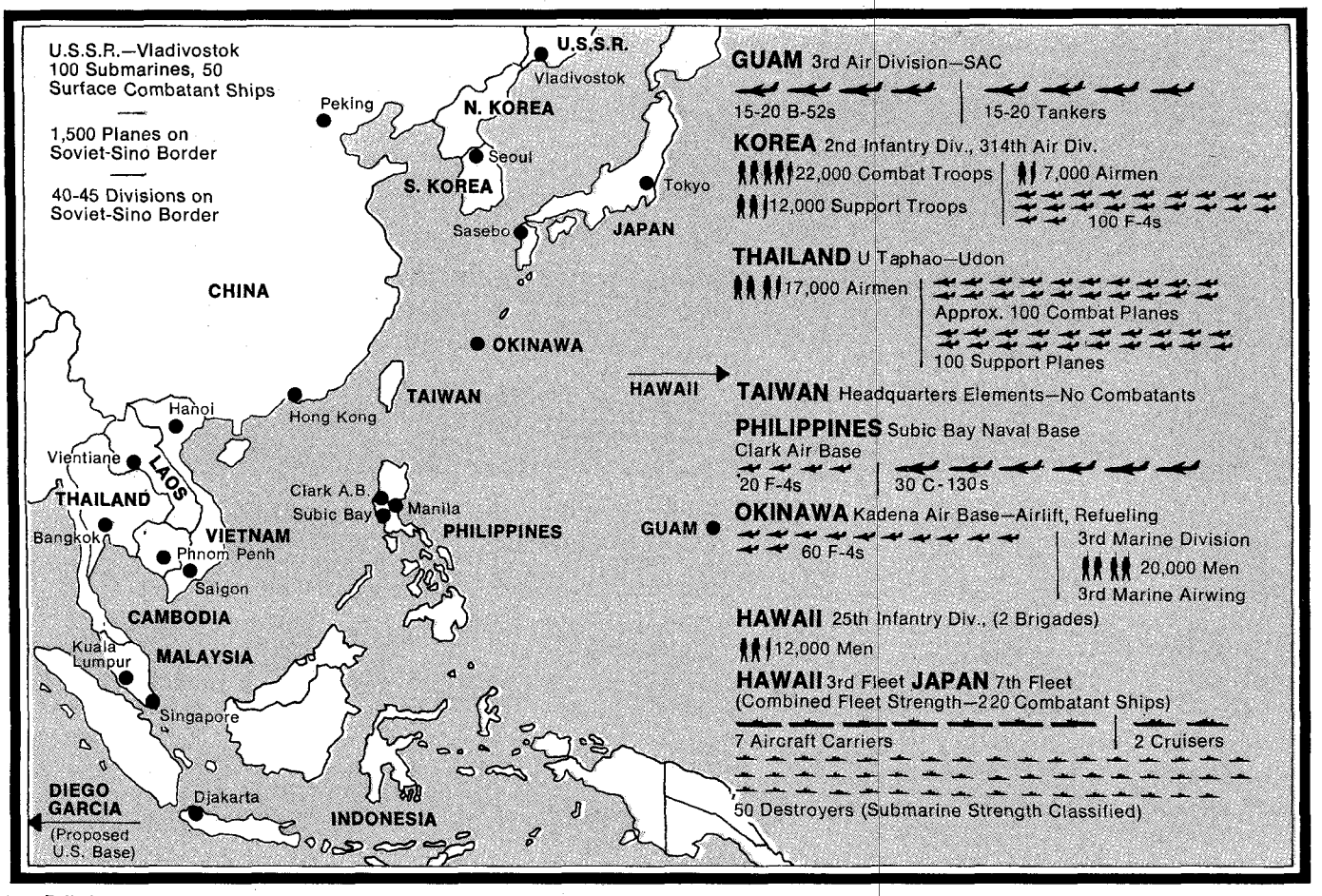

Bob Pelletier

Deployment of American and Soviet forces in the Far East—"All the equations are changing in Southeast Asia."

martial law since September 1972, has called for "adjustments in our domestic and foreign policies" and underlined this plea by flying to Peking and opening diplomatic relations with China on June 9. In fact, however, Marcos had initiated the process toward recognition of Peking last year, when his wife, Imelda, visited the mainland on an official mission. At this juncture, China, of all major powers seeking influence in Southeast Asia, views the American presence as a check on Soviet strength. Much more relevant in the Philippine-American relationship than China's position is 2 billion dollars' worth of annual trade, 2 billion dollars' worth of American investment, and U.S. military spending that accounts for a tenth of the Gross National Product of nearly $14 billion a year.

Does Marcos, who considered forming a "revolutionary" government before he proclaimed martial law instead, really wish to cast off such neo-colonial ties with the Philippines' former ruler? "It is not my intention to wave a placard saying, 'Americans, Go Home,' " he remarked after the fall of the Saigon regime. "Americans will always be wel-

The uncommitted leaders in Southeast Asia, from left: Singapore's Lee Kuan Yew, Marcos of the Philippines, Gen. Suharto of Indonesia, Prime Minister Kukrit Pramoj of Thailand, and Tun Abduk Razak, Prime Minister of Malaysia—"While weighing American reassurances, Southeast Asian leaders would like to temporize with other great powers, notably the Soviet Union and China."

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come in the Philippines." He did vaguely suggest the return of the bases—perhaps a "Philippinization" scheme enabling both governments to agree to canceling the leases by which the United States legally holds the land rent-free until 1991. The feeling, however, is that American naval ships will continue to put in at Subic, which is vital to the Seventh Fleet, while airmen remain at Clark, the headquarters of the U.S. Thirteenth Air Force, regardless of who actually holds the turf. One factor in the equation is the annual military-aid dole, $21 million proposed for the current fiscal year, proffered by the United States as de facto "rent" for the right to retain men and matériel on Philippine soil.

It is in the economic area, though, that figures are most impressive and clearly negate highly publicized indications of real "change." The Laurel-Langley agreement, under which the Philippines and the United States granted each other trade preferences, expired in 1974, but American and Filipino diplomats are still negotiating for preferential treatment. Specifically, the Philippines is asking the United States to reduce tariffs, and the United States wants American businessmen to have the same rights and privileges accorded to Filipinos for investing and operating there. "We're going through an evolutionary process," said an American diplomat, "but the essential thing about the Philippines is that they want us."

MUCH MORE GENUINELY AMBIVALENT than the position of the Philippines is that of Thailand. The reasons for the contrast are obvious. Thailand provided the bases from which American planes bombed Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia until August 15, 1973. One fear in Bangkok is that Hanoi, after consolidating its position in Indochina, may adopt a revanchist attitude; that is, it may demand some form of "punishment," particularly for the December 1972 "Christmas" B-52ing of the Hanoi-Haiphong region. Already Vietnam may have increased its support for several thousand insurgent troops ensconced in the low-lying mountains of Thailand's barren northeastern provinces, across the Mekong River from Laos, itself almost entirely governed by Pathet Lao forces indirectly controlled by Hanoi. China, in the meantime, goes on providing rifles and bullets for rebellious mountain tribesmen in the northern Thai provinces closest to the Chinese frontier.

"We got away with murder in Thailand for years," remarked an American official with extensive experience in Bangkok. "People in Washington seemed to think that all you had to do was snap your fingers, and the Thais would jump through the hoop. We take our most trusted ally for granted." The official accused both the State Department and the Pentagon of having "failed to recognize the fundamental changes that occurred after the October 1973 revolution," in which an entrenched military regime was overthrown and replaced by civilian rule. One seeming manifestation of Washington's incomprehension occurred at the beginning of 1974, when a conservative academician, William Kintner, director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute, was assigned as ambassador to Thailand in place of career diplomat Leonard Unger, who was partially responsible for manipulating Thai leaders into permitting the United States to use Thai bases as it wished.

Contrary to expectations, however, the outspoken, sometimes tactless Kintner

proved a realistic analyst rather than a right-wing advocate; he was recalled earlier this year after he had objected strenuously to State Department and Pentagon demands that he apply further pressure for the free use of Thai bases. From his vantage on the ground floor of the State Department, he was not in the least surprised by the outraged Thai response to the American use of the base in U Taphao in the *Mayaguez* incident. It was from U Taphao that a combined marine–air force operation rescued the merchant ship, seized by a Cambodian Communist patrol boat in May. "It was a direct infringement on Thai sovereignty," said one nonplussed American. "The Thais told us not to use it, and our attitude was 'Here's this stupid Asian country. Who the hell do the Thais think they are?' "

THE THAI PRIME MINISTER, Kukrit Pramoj, a complex, intellectual editor, commentator, and politician related to the royal family, not only protested the incident but even recalled his ambassador from Washington. Then, on July 1, Kukrit and Chinese Premier Chou En-lai signed a joint communiqué in Peking, agreeing to open diplomatic relations while Thailand broke with the Kuomingtang regime on Taiwan. The questions remain, however, How much of the Thai response was show, and how deeply will it cut into the Thai-American alliance? The United States, at the "request" of Thailand, had already begun withdrawing its 27,000 troops from Thai bases, a sensible move under any circumstances since they were no longer needed for Indochina. Despite all semblance of change, the generals and colonels still rule Thailand behind the scenes, and none of them has suggested curtailing American military aid averaging $30 million a year for the highly corrupt, woefully laggard, 200,000-man Thai military establishment.

In fact, the expectation is that the generals and colonels will prevail upon Kukrit to permit the Americans to retain minimal communications and logistics facilities on at least one of the bases, Udon in the northeast or U Taphao on the coast. (Kukrit's warily phrased declaration, in March, that foreign troops must withdraw "within one year through friendly negotiations," considering "the situation in this region," shrewdly left the way clear for compromise.) "The Thais don't want to be American stooges," said a diplomatic source. "At the same time, they don't want us to go away completely," particularly because the United States contributed directly to the rise of the ruling elite by pouring in more than $600 million in base-construction projects, most of them built by companies owned by Thai military officers. According to Jeffrey Race, an academic specialist in Thai politics who now lives in Bangkok, national-assembly elections in January revealed increasing discontent over economic inequity but reconfirmed "the essential conservatism" of Thai voters, since right-wing military and

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civilian candidates won most of the seats.

Someday the problems cited by Race—"inflation, land alienation, income inequality, agricultural backwardness"—may conspire with armed revolt to bring about genuine revolution. In the meantime, following the historic pattern by which the kingdom of Siam avoided colonization, the Bangkok regime perceives that the survival of Thailand as a thoroughly capitalist, royalist, benevolent autarchy lies in its ability to play off great powers against each other.

ALTHOUGH the American position is necessarily reduced in Thailand, however, it remains strong in Indonesia, the only other country in Southeast Asia that is still dependent on Washington for both military and economic aid. Several basic reasons account for the ostensible difference between attitudes in Indonesia and those in Thailand and the Philippines. "The Communist Party is still a threat to the survival of our country," remarked a member of the Indonesian embassy here, reflecting a lingering fear of the Partai Kommunis Indonesia (PKI), all but obliterated after an abortive Communist coup in 1965. Second, as a result of Chinese support of the old PKI, Indonesia, unlike the Philippines and Thailand, is not disposed to restore diplomatic relations with Peking. "Anti-Chinese feeling still prevails," said the diplomat. "We cannot risk immediate disturbances."

Then, as a concomitant of the response to the failed coup, Indonesia has formed an extremely close relationship with the United States, one not posited on American use of military bases or necessarily on the outcome of the Indochinese War. Rather, the United States, as the leading member of the 16-nation International Government Group on Indonesia, has provided as much as $233 million in economic aid in a single year and furnishes an annual average of approximately $90 million. American companies have invested some $2 billion in Indonesia, half of it in oil exploration and drilling, the rest in exploitation of other resources ranging from rubber to copper. And U.S. military aid for Indonesia's 300,000-man army—an internal peacekeeping force that props up the military-dominated regime of General Suharto—averages $15 million a year.

American officials sometimes refer to Indonesia, rather crassly, as "the only bright spot for American policy in Southeast Asia" and as "a triumph for American diplomacy." Despite the heavy-handed self-interest apparent in such remarks, the reversal of Indonesia's leftist, virulently anti-American policy of a decade ago under Suharto's flamboyant predecessor, Sukarno, is indeed remarkable. Less remarkable, however, is the use to which Indonesia has put its new investment and aid funds. "There is a very high population growth rate, very high urban unemployment, and a growing shift in population to the cities," said an Indonesian specialist. "The result is that many people in Indonesia are worse off than they were under Sukarno, and the gap between the rich and the poor has widened."

Lest such concern with democratic egalitarianism seem rather irrelevant, American diplomats also point out that the Indonesian government is in danger of falling into the same dire financial condition that characterized its affairs under Sukarno. Indonesia has just begun to pay back some $2.1 billion in foreign debts, including $1 billion owed to the Soviet Union since the Sukarno era, but the government-owned oil company, Pertamina, has piled up bills totaling some $3 billion. "The company borrowed large sums on a short-term basis, and the debts are falling due," explained one expert observer. "There was a big hue and cry; so the government assumed Pertamina's foreign obligations. This is a striking development, since Pertamina is the aorta of the 'new order' under Suharto."

One common conclusion is that much of Pertamina's earnings was siphoned off for the benefit of its own president-director, Lt. Gen. Ibnu Sutowo, other company officials, and government and political figures. A direct connection may exist between visible evidence of lavish life-styles and the financing of a range of projects over which inexperienced managers could hardly maintain close supervision. "They're into all kinds of things that won't be productive for a long time," said an economics analyst, citing "a steel plant that will cost $2 billion and won't pay for another 20 years." Then, aside from overextending, Pertamina has begun to underproduce. Crude-oil production, from which Indonesia, the world's

Laos as Hanoi's Province

The final struggle for Laos began shortly after the defeat of the American-supported regime in Saigon—and was without question the least violent phase of the climactic period of the second Indochinese war. Almost all the "Vientiane-side," American-equipped, anti-Communist military units joined without bloodshed with Pathet Lao forces. The legendary Laotian prime minister, Prince Souvanna Phouma, acknowledged that there was no choice and did not protest when right-wing, or "Vientiane-side," Cabinet ministers and lower-ranking officials began abandoning their posts. Nor could he do much when Pathet Lao demonstrators blockaded or seized American AID and U.S. Information Service facilities, forcing the United States to reduce its "presence" from some 1,800 American officials and their families to about 20, *sans* families.

For Souvanna, in fact, the denouement in Laos is far preferable to that of continued division of his country—with inevitable humiliating defeat for the Vientiane side. His dream since the end of the French colonial era has been to unite Communist and anti-Communist forces—the former led by his younger half-brother, Prince Souphanouvong. So far, despite the virtual takeover of Laos by the Pathet Lao, the participants in the struggle have observed many of the superficial niceties of the agreement of February 1973, in which they resolved to split the Cabinet among "Vientiane-side," Pathet Lao, and neutralist ministers and secretaries.

The fact is, however, that the Pathet Lao would doubtless not have seized so much power without the backing of the North Vietnamese, who exercise de facto control through a headquarters complex in the northeastern town of Sam Neua. The ultimate salvation of any semblance of the agreement—and of Souvanna's dream—rests in Hanoi. The question is whether the North Vietnamese will perceive a certain self-interest in permitting Vientiane to retain its image as an international, "neutral" center or will press the Pathet Lao to expel the last American bureaucrats left in Indochina and solidify completely its hold over the government.

D.K.

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"How long can Indonesia, a land that has 130 million people and a Gross National Product of only $20 billion, go on before another cataclysmic reversal . . .?"

eleventh largest oil producer, derives 70 percent of its foreign exchange, has slipped from 1.5 to 1.25 million barrels a day.

How long, then, can Indonesia, a land that has 130 million people and a Gross National Product of only $20 billion, go on before another cataclysmic reversal in policy—a shift possibly exacerbated by its close ties with Washington and the failure of American policy in Indochina? "The stability of this regime is open to some question," responded a diplomatic source, "but things should creak along for a couple of years while the regime gets more repressive, closes more newspapers, and puts more people in jail." One side effect of the new oil prosperity has been the emergence of a "sub-upper class"—the importing of more foreign cars and the opening of five luxury hotels, bars and massage parlors, an indoor skating rink, and gambling casinos, all in the capital. "They hide the poverty," said the diplomat. "To most observers, Indonesia is in great shape, but because of the socioeconomic problems, things are changing fast. What had seemed stable is far from that now."

Indicative of the insecurity of the government has been a campaign to silence intellectuals—the very same ones who once railed privately against Sukarno. Indonesian authorities hold these critics, notably Sudjatmoko, a scholar and a former ambassador to Washington, responsible for inspiring riots against the government during the visit of the former Japanese prime minister, Kakuei Tanaka, in January of last year. Officials are also angry with the view, often expressed in Jakarta, that the American-supported Saigon regime collapsed as a result of "corruption" and "lack of contact with the people"—and that the same problems exist in Indonesia. "There is no connection," reply military leaders, conjuring "national resiliency" as the latest in a series of slogans by which first Sukarno and then Suharto have attempted to buoy the masses.

In the meantime, the perspicacious foreign minister, Adam Malik, views ASEAN as the possible salvation of this country, at least in foreign policy. "ASEAN today is not only a viable, but also a vigorous, reality, and its presence and personality is an accepted fact of international life," said Malik in a speech before the parliamentary assembly of the Council of Europe in Strasbourg, shortly before the final Communist victory in Saigon. "In economic cooperation, progress, though still modest, has been steady and quite encouraging," he went on. Critics may charge that ASEAN lacked real substance beyond pro forma committees, but Malik indicated Indonesia's own enthusiasm by noting that it would soon open its first permanent secretariat —in, of all places, Indonesia's capital city, Jakarta.

The choice of the Indonesian capital for ASEAN headquarters may not have been altogether fortuitous. The very anti-communism of Indonesia, the anti-Chinese, anti-Soviet, pro-American policy of the Suharto regime, could automatically render ASEAN suspect in its dealings with Communist states. Better as a site might have been the Malaysian capital of Kuala Lumpur or the port city-state of Singapore, ruled by the peripatetic Lee Kuan Yew, one of the most eloquent, effective spokesmen for Southeast Asian regionalism. The fact that neither Malaysia nor Singapore, alone among ASEAN members, receives one cent in military aid, advice, or assistance from the United States would seem to rule heavily in their favor as a potential ASEAN headquarters. Despite both nations' lack of dependence on foreign aid, however, their leaders share the regional sense of shock over the results of the war.

It is because Singapore occupies a unique, pivotal position in Southeast Asia that Lee is so anxious to apprise the United States of regional concerns, and yet the city is also strangely isolated from the rest of the region. The fact that its 2.2 million populace is 75 percent Chinese renders it a potential menace to every other ASEAN nation, all of them traditionally fearful of economic domination by overseas Chinese minorities. Indeed, the expulsion of Singapore from the Malaysian federation in 1965 reflected underlying Malaysian concern that Singapore would challenge Kuala Lumpur for supremacy. The fact that an ethnic Malay minority comprising 45 percent of the Malaysian population rules politically while a Chinese minority of 35 percent controls most of the money has led periodically to riots and demonstrations, even without the influence of Singapore.

Now, however, Malaysia also faces the real threat of renewed Communist revolt. Defeated by the British after World War II, some 1,800 "CTs," or "Communist Terrorists," as they are still termed, have been based ever since in jungles just north of the Thai border. During the past six months, they have sharply increased the level of "incidents" —the most serious of them an ambush killing 17 members of a joint Thai-Malaysian survey team—in a declared seven-year campaign to gain power by 1982. Divided into three main factions, each of them competing with the other for leadership, the Malay Communist Party still draws most of its support from poor Chinese villagers. CTs have little or no following among Malays or bourgeois Chinese except for the odd "radical" intellectual. Clearly, however, the Communist success in Indochina has encouraged the MCP to reassert itself, possibly with arms provided by the Vietnamese Communists.

Thus Malaysian Prime Minister Tun Abdul Razak unhesitatingly hosted a conference of ASEAN foreign ministers in Kuala Lumpur, in May, to discuss the impact of Indochina. If Kuala Lumpur did not seem important enough in comparison with Jakarta as the locale for the ASEAN secretariat, it at least provided a graceful setting for the ministers to exchange views and apprehensions—and to try to solidify a common economic and diplomatic front. As often has been the case, however, Lee Kuan Yew indicated the greatest understanding of realities when he noted the dependency of the region on external factors. "The future of all these five countries will be influenced most of all by the economic health of the industrial world, by their own capacities to attract capital and investment, their access to markets for commodities, agricultural and mineral, and exports of their simpler manufactured goods to America, Japan, and Western Europe," he said before the conference.

Lee's observations captured the essence of the Southeast Asian response to Vietnam. *"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose,"* to cite Voltaire. "The more things change, the more they stay the same." □

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Sven Simon: Katherine Young

The Ardent Asian Suitors

Peking and Moscow are maneuvering to win the hand of those who rule in Asia while America seeks a magic elixir to restore its image.

by Stanley Karnow

A generation ago, when the Korean War erupted, the United States believed itself to be confronted by an enormous challenge. The Soviet Union and China, which had lately been conquered by Mao Tse-tung's legions, represented a formidable Communist monolith that stretched from the banks of the Elbe to the shores of the Pacific, and it not only seemed to menace Western Europe but also appeared to threaten Japan and the states of Southeast Asia. Alarmed by this apparent danger, the Truman administration acted urgently to bulwark America's defenses in the Far East. It pledged military assistance to France, which was then fighting to save its Indochinese possessions, and it rapidly signed a series of bilateral pacts designed to protect Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, and the Philippines. The result was an American commitment to the area that still largely stands despite the disasters in Vietnam and Cambodia, the imminence of a Communist takeover in Laos, and Thailand's shift away from reliance on the United States.

A key question for the future, however, is whether the United States will continue its involvement in the parts of Asia to which it is committed—or whether, with the balance of forces changing in the region, American policy will undergo a drastic revision. For the

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On Red Square—"The Russians fear that the dynamic North Vietnamese may subvert . . . Moscow's grand design."

multipolarity that has overtaken the world has affected Asia as well. The dispute between Moscow and Peking, combined with the rise of Japan to economic gianthood, has vastly complicated the Far Eastern equation. Within this new framework, therefore, the United States must shape a role far more sophisticated than the mere "containment" of communism.

There is a present tendency, in the wake of the dramatic debacles in Saigon and Phnom Penh, to consider that the United States has been ejected from the Far East. This view is not entirely valid. The United States has plainly lost its foothold on the mainland of Asia; yet its influence is still significant through the arc that reaches from South Korea through Japan, Taiwan, and the Philippines to Indonesia. In short, the United States remains a Pacific power even if it is no longer an Asian power.

Although the diplomacy of the Japanese has become increasingly flexible, they regard their relationship to the United States to be the keystone of their international strategy, partly because their economy would crumble without American trade and partly because, through a mutual-defense arrangement, America assures their security. The South Koreans are similarly dependent on the United States, and the link is symbolized by the presence of a division of American troops on their soil. President Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines, despite his recent decision to establish formal diplomatic relations with Communist China, has no intention of loosening his ties to the United States, which provides his country with military and economic aid and, by maintaining bases there, also guarantees its defense. Thailand is also seeking to maintain relations with the United States even though Bangkok, too, has recognized Peking. The Chinese Nationalist regime on Taiwan leans on the United States for its security, and even though President Ford hopes to improve American relations with Communist China when he visits Peking later this year, he has made it clear that he will not sacrifice Taiwan to fulfill that goal. Indeed, the United States will have to maneuver more adroitly than it has in the past, for the conflict between the Soviet Union and China is likely to inject uncertainties into the Asian situation, and these could face American policy in the region with both hazards and opportunities.

One arena in which the Russians and Chinese have been struggling against each other for years to exert influence is Hanoi, and this contention has worked to the benefit of the North Vietnamese as they manipulated their rival supporters. But the Communist victory in Vietnam may change the attitudes of Moscow and Peking. For if both were devoted to the triumph of Vietnamese communism over American "imperialism," neither really wants the North Vietnamese to extend their domination over the rest of Southeast Asia. The Russians fear that the dynamic North Vietnamese, whose revolutionary zeal is still fervent, may subvert Soviet efforts to reach accommodations with bourgeois governments in such countries as Thailand, Malaysia, and Indonesia, and thereby undermine Moscow's grand design of creating a cordon of sympathetic states around the rim of China. The Chinese are equally anxious to restrain Hanoi, largely because they traditionally perceive Southeast Asia to be a region subordinate to Peking's sway, and as a consequence, they would prefer to see the area Balkanized rather than remaining under North Vietnamese control.

Attempts by both the Russians and Chinese to curb North Vietnamese ambitions are welcomed by the United States. But the prospect that the area will become a cockpit of Sino-Soviet squabbling is undesirable, because it would perpetuate the instability that has made the region explosive for decades. Some specialists, notably Doak Barnett

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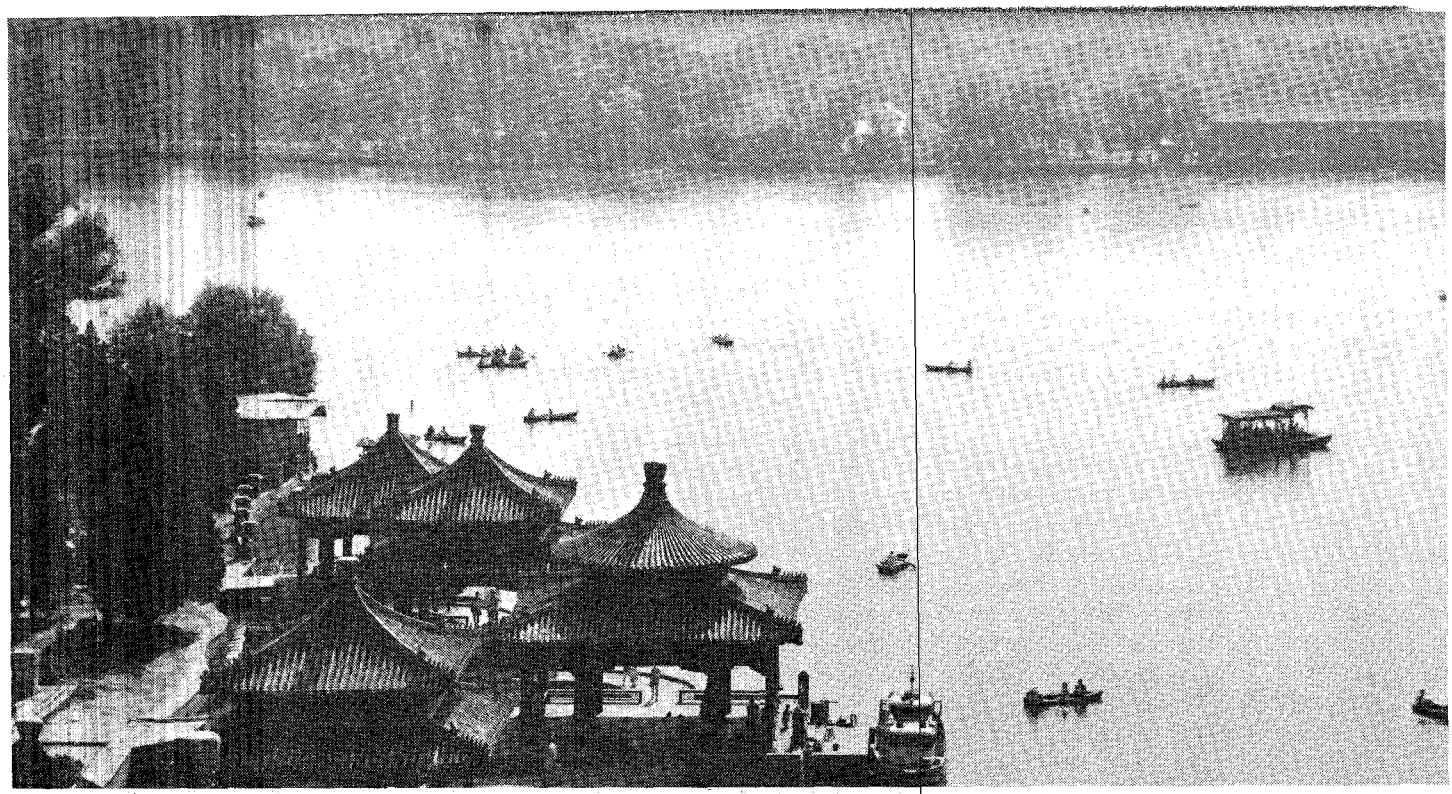

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Peking's Paihai Park—The Chinese are equally anxious to restrain Hanoi. They would prefer to see Southeast Asia Balkanized.

of The Brookings Institution, accordingly suggest that the time may soon be ripe for the United States, the Soviet Union, and China to revive the idea of an international agreement which would "neutralize" Southeast Asia. The United States could begin to set this process in motion by recognizing Hanoi and the Provisional Revolutionary Government in Saigon and by initiating economic aid programs to both. President Ford has spurned requests by the Vietnamese Communists for diplomatic relations, presumably because he is concerned about the opposition that such a gesture would provoke among his conservative political opponents at home, especially as next year's election campaign draws near. But unless the United States moves in this direction, some experts submit, it may lose a chance to contribute to peace in Southeast Asia.

Another arena in which the triangular jockeying for influence offers both advantages and risks is Korea, where North Korean dictator Kim Il Sung, inspired by Hanoi's success in Vietnam, has recently hinted that he, too, would like to reunify the peninsula. Kim Il Sung's posturing aroused worries in Washington that another Korean War might lie ahead, and Ford administration officials, eager to seize a pretext to emphasize the need for a big defense budget, added to the apprehensions by inflating the danger of conflict. Here again, however, the Sino-Soviet dispute is serving as a deterrent to the Korean Communists—but, at the same time, it is preventing the possibility of a reconciliation between Kim Il Sung and South Korean President Park Chung Hee.

The Chinese are in no mood for a repetition of the Korean War, for several reasons. They bitterly remember the conflict of 25 years ago, which cost them a million casualties, set back their domestic economic development, and increased their dependence on Moscow—which, despite proclamations of "proletarian brotherhood," made them reimburse every ruble of Soviet military aid. The Chinese also realize that another war would mean a collision with the United States, thereby eliminating the lever they have been able to use in their argument with the Russians. A war in Korea would break China's bond with Japan, which the Chinese have carefully been trying to tighten within the past few years. And, to add a human element, Mao Tse-tung recalls sadly that his son, a fighter pilot, died in the last Korean conflagration. So, when Kim Il Sung went to Peking not long ago in quest of help for an offensive against South Korea, the Chinese politely brushed him off by stressing that they were partial to "peaceful" reunification of the peninsula.

There is no evidence that Kim turned to the Russians as an alternative, but it is virtually certain that if he had, they, too, would have treated him coolly. For the Soviet leaders are determined to avert a war that would torpedo détente with the United States, wreck their maneuvers to woo Japan, and, among other things, saddle them with additional military expenditures at a time when their resources are already being strained by the arms race as well as by aid programs to Eastern Europe and to their Middle East clients.

IDEALLY, BOTH THE RUSSIANS and the Chinese would favor the kind of coexistence between North and South Korea that has developed between East and West Germany. But their hopes in this respect are being thwarted by their rivalry, because neither can appear to show softness toward the Korean situation without seeming, to radical extremists both at home and abroad, to have abandoned the revolutionary cause. Thus they have rebuffed South Korean overtures made with American encouragement.

Some American officials believe nonetheless that a deal regarding Korea can be reached with the Communist superpowers. One notion that has been advanced is that the United States may be able to use the 34,000 American troops in South Korea as a bargaining chip by offering to withdraw them in exchange for Communist recognition of South

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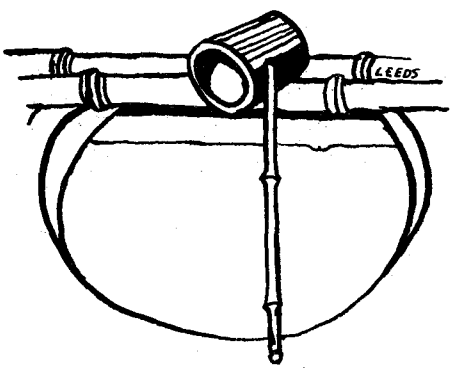
Korea's integrity as a separate state. Such an arrangement would be given international sanction if both Koreas were admitted into the United Nations. So far, though, this idea has made little headway, in part because Kim Il Sung regards himself as the legitimate ruler of all Korea and partly because of resistance in Washington—especially among military men and their political backers—to pulling out the American contingent in the peninsula.

Yet another arena that will be crucial in the period ahead is Japan, which is striving to improve its relations with both Communist China and the Soviet Union while it maintains its close ties with the United States. The Japanese are optimistic that they can play this three-way game, and judging from their diplomatic performance until now, they have good reason to feel confident.

Although Japan's ties with Peking were somewhat tangled at first, the Japanese have managed within the past year to strengthen their Chinese connection, largely because the Chinese have been eager to block any substantive improvement in Japan's relations with the Soviet Union. Sensitive to the Japanese thirst for oil, for instance, China last year sent Japan some 4 million tons, nearly all the Chinese petroleum available for export, and its shipments this year may be triple that amount. Moreover, the Chinese are selling this oil to Japan at slightly less than world prices. Even though satisfying only a tiny fraction of Japan's immense requirements, these shipments are calculated by Peking to signal the future means of helping Japanese industry. In contrast, an ambitious Soviet plan for developing Siberian oil and natural-gas resources jointly with Japan has faltered, primarily as a result of Russian wrangling over contractual arrangements. Moscow has also annoyed the Japanese by refusing to return four inconsequential islands captured by the Soviet forces during World War II. The islands are a matter of national pride to the Japanese, but the Russians evidently fear that their return would weaken the Soviet Union's territorial haggling with China. Consequently, the Russians seem to be lagging behind the Chinese in the race to win Japanese sympathies. The Chinese have also scored points with the Japanese by encouraging them, in elliptical but unmistakable terms, to maintain their defense pact with the United States.

The security treaty with the United States not only is the main pillar of Japan's foreign policy but also is vital to the Japanese for other reasons. With the American nuclear umbrella above them, the Japanese need not contemplate the manufacture of their own advanced weapons, and thus they are freed from the internal political turmoil that such a program would trigger. In addition, American protection makes it unnecessary for the Japanese to engage in large defense expenditures, thus relieving their economy of a tremendous economic burden.

Realizing that opposition to Japan's treaty with the United States would alienate significant segments of the Japanese population, the Chinese have let it be known that they are not hostile to its continuation. And they further perceive that the Japanese bond with America



serves their own purposes. As long as Japan is shielded by America, the Chinese estimate, its own militarist factions will remain subdued and the danger of the Japanese returning to their belligerence of the Thirties will be reduced. And, the Chinese also figure, a Japan intimately associated with the United States should logically resist the temptation of closer ties with the Soviet Union.

How long the Chinese represent a force for stability in Asia depends on a variety of factors. One question is whether the Peking leadership group centered around Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, who have stood for moderation within recent years, will be succeeded by an equally temperate faction or by the raving radicals who surfaced during the Cultural Revolution. Another question is whether the heirs to Mao and Chou, whatever their complexion, will try to edge back toward the Soviet Union in order to strengthen their diplomatic leverage with the United States. Still another question is whether the United States, taking advantage of the desire of the current Communist Chinese leaders for a reconciliation, can plausibly put Sino-American relations on a more solid footing before they disappear. These questions are intertwined, because China's domestic and foreign policies tend to run along parallel lines.

The big problem challenging the United States as it seeks to cement its bonds with Peking is the Taiwan issue, which President Nixon skillfully sidestepped during his visit to China in February 1972. The Chinese now say that they cannot entertain the idea of official Sino-American relations until the United States declares unequivocally that Taiwan is part of China, and that there is only one China. The United States would take this step if the Communists, by way of compromise, would pledge not to employ force to "liberate" the island, because, as American officials point out, that move would compel Washington to invoke its defense treaty with the Chinese Nationalists. The Communists refuse to make such a pledge, contending that the Taiwan question is an internal Chinese matter. But, they privately submit, Peking would be willing to consider a formula that could carry both the United States and China over this hurdle without excessive loss of face. President Ford and Secretary of State Kissinger are at present searching for the magic formula, but their room for maneuvering is limited. The fall of Indochina has inhibited them in the sense that they cannot bargain away Taiwan, and so a fuller Sino-American rapprochement may be delayed.

Asia, then, is in transition. The Chinese and Russians are vying for influence, and the Japanese are trying to make the best of their rivalry. The United States, meanwhile, is navigating to maintain its diminished position. In the meantime, the powers involved in the Far East can do little beyond watch and wait, and attempt, in their assorted ways, to assure the fragile equilibrium of forces that now exists. The only certainty that lies ahead in these circumstances is that Asia will not be the domain of a single authority but, in all likelihood, will be the scene of complex and often confused maneuvers by the four major states concerned with its future. The situation will surely be more difficult to understand than it was in the days when the United States was committed to its crusade against monolithic communism, but it may be a good deal safer. □

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Who Rules in Indochina?

Five professional revolutionaries, oriented toward Hanoi, are guiding Saigon, but the true identity of Cambodia's masters is masked from the world outside.

1. The Dynamics of Vietnamese Power

by Peter Arnett

One of South Vietnam's top liberation army officers, Lt. Gen. Tran Van Tra, for years had been suspected by American intelligence analysts of using two aliases to cover his multitudinous activities within the revolutionary movement. But when the Communist victory parade was held in Saigon on May 15, not only did the real General Tra stand up with other leaders to take the salute; so did the other two men he was thought to have been.

Chalk up another gaffe for American intelligence experts, who had labored for years, generally unsuccessfully, to discover who was really running the jungle-based Communist war machine. So obsessive was the revolutionaries' desire for secrecy and anonymity that their identity was virtually impenetrable until the very end of the war.

The end of the war has not solved the puzzle. The appearance of near-legendary guerrilla leaders in their shiny suits in public in Saigon was an affirmation that they really existed, but the pecking order was not readily apparent. It must also be remembered that Western analysts had shown a poor record in determining the direction and stability of the North Vietnamese leadership over the course of the war.

The dynamics of power in newly liberated South Vietnam is more apparent than the individuals involved. Without any doubt, Hanoi has as firm a grip on the cities abandoned by the demoralized army of the old U.S.-backed Saigon regime as it did on the war machine that fought through to final victory. North Vietnamese tanks remain in all the cities; Hanoi soldiers have occupied all the important camps of the old Saigon government. The blood-red Hanoi flag splashed with a yellow star flies everywhere in the South.

One can see another flag flying: blue and red with a yellow star. It belongs to the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam. The operative word is *provisional.* This government was created in 1969 to balance Saigon at the bargaining table just as Washington balanced Hanoi. Had the war's finale been negotiated, the government might have had some longevity. Its president, Huynh Tan Phat, born in the Mekong

An AP correspondent, Peter Arnett covered Vietnam for eight years, winning a Pulitzer Prize. He remained in Saigon for 25 days after its capture.

2. The Enigma of Khmer Rouge Purpose

by Sydney H. Schanberg

Who are the Khmer Rouge?

I am not among those who have been able to make swift moral judgments of the new rulers of Cambodia—either by calling them cruel and barbaric for emptying the cities right down to hospital patients and ordering the people on a long march into the countryside, in which thousands were certain to perish; or by hailing them as brilliant revolutionaries for casting off the shackles of the old, exploitative consumer society and forging a new agrarian system in the rice paddies, in which the peasant will finally profit from his labor.

In the weeks since I emerged from Cambodia on May 3, many people have asked me: how could the Cambodian peasant, whom we had always regarded as gentle and charming and smiling and civilized, turn into the kind of tough and grim and even brutal revolutionary who entered Phnom Penh on April 17? I have no easy answers. One possible, partial explanation is that the Cambodian peasant's sense of exploitation by the landowners and city merchants and the urban system in general may have been much deeper and much more bitter than we had perceived. But there is a more complete, though perhaps oversimplified, answer—the war. Cambodians were carpet-bombed by American B-52s, shelled by both sides, and kidnapped as their villages were overrun by the Khmer Rouge. The war hardened them. In particular, the American intervention gave the North Vietnamese and the Cambodian Communists—some 5,000 or 6,000 of whom are believed to have gone to Hanoi with the Vietminh after the Geneva accords of 1954 and to have returned when war erupted—the ingredients for seizing and organizing the countryside.

Without the massive American bombing and other U.S. aid, the Lon Nol government that ousted Sihanouk in 1970 would certainly have fallen to the Communists. But it would have fallen in 1970, when the Khmer Rouge were still a ragtag collection of perhaps 3,000 men, not the hard and disciplined force of maybe 60,000 front-line soldiers that they were at their moment of victory. The Khmer Communist Party may have been 20 years old when war broke out in 1970, but it was feeble. It was not a party that could have carried out the kind of peasant revolution we are seeing now. Some more moderate form of socialism or communism would surely have been the result. The irony of Amer-

A New York Times *foreign correspondent in Asia, Sydney H. Schanberg has covered four Asian wars. He elected to remain in Phnom Penh after its collapse, leaving in the overland exodus through Thailand.*

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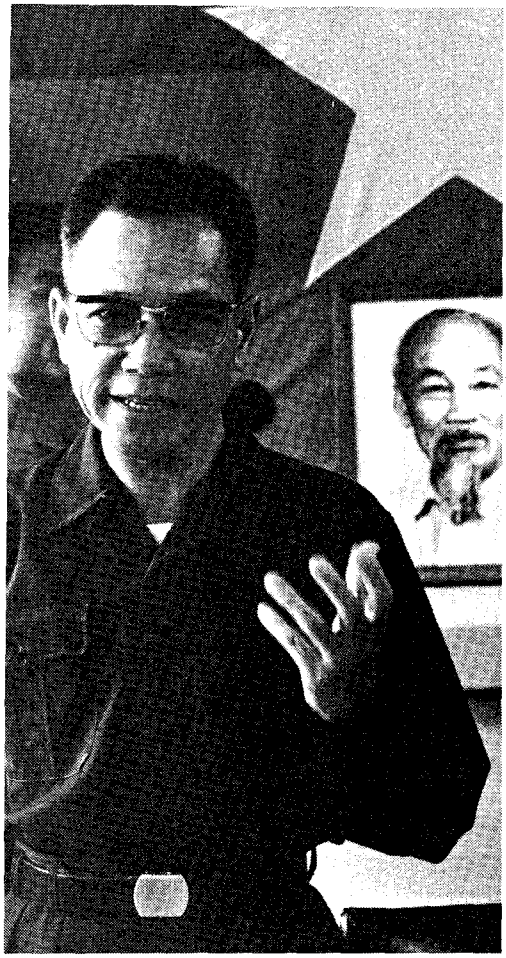

UPI
Tran Van Tra—"Multitudinous activities with the revolutionary movement."

Delta city of My Tho in 1913, came from the middle classes—a political liability that he corrected by helping to found the "Vanguard Youth," which in the Forties became a strong arm of the Vietminh in the South.

President Phat has even signed a few communiqués in Saigon since the takeover. But real power in the capital remains in the hands of the Military Management Committee, which is presided over by one of the top Communist field commanders, Lt. Gen. Tra. Few observers believe that the government of President Phat—or a separate South Vietnam—will play more than an interim role. The most important activity of that government was its diplomatic performance in Paris, until 1973, where Madame Nguyen Thi Binh, as foreign minister, became a major spokeswoman for the Communist war effort. But back home in the jungles of South Vietnam, her name was rarely heard. Similar virtual anonymity was imposed upon another internationally known leader, Nguyen Huu Tho, a former Saigon lawyer who is president of the central committee presidium of the National Liberation Front, formed about 1961.

Hanoi ousted the United States and the old Saigon regime completely from the scene in order to put a military end to the war. In so doing, it altered the diplomatic equation necessary at the time when American firepower and Saigon tenacity made talks necessary to wind down the war. North Vietnamese officials have made no secret of their longing to achieve a rapid reunification of the two Vietnams. News dispatches filed through the Saigon post office in late June (and, presumably, closely perused by the new authorities) quoted a "responsible Vietnamese official" as saying that by 1976 the two countries "will unite to form one unique bloc—political, diplomatic, and economic."

But decisions still have to be made in South Vietnam each day; and if the provisional government is just wallpaper hanging on the new Saigon, where does the power really lie? Where it has lain all along, within the Communist Party that wrested control of the revolutionary movement from a broad-based Vietnamese nationalist group in the Forties. The Communists guided the revolution through the bloody years of ousting the French and then the American-backed Saigon regimes. The party retains real power today. In the South the decisions are made by a relatively small group of cadres who either have been party mem-

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ican intervention in Cambodia is that it created the very kind of communism it set out to contain.

Unlike the situation in Vietnam, there was little written information about the Communist organization or hierarchy in Cambodia. The oral tradition was more important. So what was unknown to us became mysterious and, when we finally saw the tough peasant soldiers, startling and frightening. But they were at the same time impressive.

Paul Ignatieff, a Canadian official of the United Nations who was in confinement in the French embassy in Phnom Penh with the rest of us, said one day, speaking disparagingly of the soft government offices: "Compared with the bastards on this side who were drinking cognac and smoking cigars and whoring every night, as soldiers these guys [the Khmer Rouge] are businessmen. I hate to say it, but I'm impressed."

The Khmer Rouge's village organization and covert supply-road system in the countryside, which we took a look at during our evacuation by truck to Thailand, were also impressive. Roads, dikes, reservoirs—all were built with hand tools. Boy militia units. Women soldiers. Collective villages where work and property were shared.

The Khmer Rouge foot soldiers came from these villages, peasant boys to the core, gold in their front teeth, a traditional village status symbol. They were darker-skinned than most of the men in the government army, for the latter were largely recruited from the cities and towns, where intermarriage had mixed Khmer blood with that of the Chinese merchant classes and the Vietnamese. These boys, some no more than 12 or 13 years old, often stared at us warily as though they had never seen a Westerner before—which is possible. We were creatures from different planets.

Their officers, however, were no longer village boys. Though they spoke only Khmer in our presence, it was clear that they were educated men and could speak French, the colonial language of Indochina. Some of the officers we met could have been members of the group that went to Hanoi in the Fifties as young men, many in their teens, for none of them looked over 40 years of age. They talked softly to us and occasionally smiled, but they told us virtually nothing—no names, no rank, no details of their leadership hierarchy. "I represent the armed forces," said one officer who, we guessed, was a general, speaking to us on the first day, outside the Information Ministry. "There are many divisions. I am one of the many."

After having observed many officers, we deduced—how correctly, I cannot say—that the number of pencils or pens in a man's shirt pocket designated his rank. A man with four pencils was a colonel; six made him a general. These fragments of information may sound ludicrous to the scholar, but such impressions constitute most of what we know of the Khmer Rouge. It is only from these little clues that we can guess—and *guess* is the correct word—what their aims and intentions are.

VIRTUALLY THE ONLY other signposts come from recent Phnom Penh radio broadcasts, which have called on the people to "purify" themselves by re-

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bers for a long time or were members of organizations created by the party or consciously collaborating with it. The key leaders in the South are full-time revolutionaries, who throughout the war were the controlling element—chieftains of the Peoples Revolutionary Party (the southern wing of the Vietnamese Workers Party, once called the Indochinese Communist Party), the People's Liberation Armed Forces, and the Central Office for South Vietnam (COSVN), which controlled the war effort.

COMMUNIST PARTY MEMBERS are not northerners or southerners, but Vietnamese for whom reunification is the prime mission. Three of the 11 Hanoi politburo members are southerners, and there are many northerners in the South. Doubtless, in a united Vietnam the southern cadres will play the major roles, and five of these stand out today as the real powers in liberated South Vietnam. They have much in common: most of them were born about 60 years ago to peasant, working-class, or lower-middle-class families, and most of them were professional revolutionaries. They were all politicized by the Indochinese Communist Party when they were about 18 years of age. They are the elements in the South Vietnamese Communist movement that has most in common psychologically and sociologically with the leadership in Hanoi. Their names are as follows:

PHAM HUNG. A legendary figure, the leading Communist from the Mekong Delta. He was born in Vinh Long in 1912 of peasant stock, and he joined Ho Chi Minh's revolutionary league in the Twenties. He was a founding member of the Indochinese Communist Party and had a meteoric rise to power. He is a member of the Hanoi politburo, was acting premier of North Vietnam for a time, and once ran COSVN.

NGUYEN VAN CUC. Deputy to Pham Hung in COSVN and therefore probably the second most important political figure within South Vietnam's Communist apparatus. He was born in North Vietnam about 1913 and spent most of his youth in the South. He was jailed frequently by the French for revolutionary activities.

VO CHI CONG. Now chairman of the People's Revolutionary Party. His background and experience parallel those of most of the leaders of the Vietnamese Workers Party in North Vietnam. He was born in Quang Nam in 1912 and was active in the revolutionary movement as early as 1930. He was one of the founders of the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam in 1961 and can be expected to occupy an important position in the new Vietnam.

LT. GEN. TRAN VAN TRA. Among southern cadres, regarded as second in popularity only to Pham Hung. Tra was born in Quang Ngai in 1918 and joined the Communist Party in the Forties. A railroad worker at first, he became political secretary and military commander of the Saigon-Cholon zone in 1945. Twice he was to return dramatically to Saigon, the first time as commander of the Communist forces that attacked the city at Tet in 1968; the second, on April 30, 1975, as commander of the troops that finally captured the capital. Tra first went to North Vietnam in 1954, when he became a regular officer. As a fighter, he spent a decade in the jungles of South Vietnam before he surfaced as the senior Communist representative at the truce commission at Tan Son Nhut airport in Saigon, in 1973.

TRAN NAM TRUNG. One of the more mysterious members of the in-group. He is believed to have been born in South Vietnam in 1913 and was often jailed as a revolutionary in the early Thirties. He is minister of defense in the Provisional Revolutionary Government. □

nouncing "corrupt" Western ways. Western clothing, music, and literature have been excoriated as being immoral and part of the plan of the previous American-backed regime to enslave Cambodia. Conversely, the broadcasts have extolled short hair and plain dress and the virtues of spiritual and physical cleanliness in everything from sweeping streets to expunging American habits. The radio has also called for a pioneer spirit of making do with limited resources, such as turning shell casings and other war debris into plowshares.

Whatever the possible differences of view among the various factions in the Khmer Rouge movement, its agrarian emphasis seems pervasive. The soldiers who marched into Phnom Penh, when asked what they wanted to do now, all said that they just wanted to go home to their villages and farm again. They regarded the capture of the capital as necessary, for to them it was the bastion of the enemy, the symbol of the bourgeois and elitist and foreign dominance of Cambodian life. But at the same time the city was irrelevant to them, a place they might visit and gawk at, but never live in.

In the countryside, while the Khmer Rouge village organization was formidable, the villagers and peasant soldiers themselves often seemed forbidding and even cold—a disciplined mass instead of the bubbly and cheerful peasant individuals we used to know. Recent reports from refugees escaping from Cambodia confirm that dour impression. The refugees tell of forced labor, short rations, heavy punishments including execution for those who "reject" the revolution, and widespread fear of the faceless entity that rules the system—known as *Angka*, which in Khmer means "the organization."

Western commentators have called the Khmer Rouge xenophobic. In the sense that they now wish to turn away from a world they don't trust while they rebuild their country in their own chosen image, I suppose that definition is accurate. But, generally speaking, I think that they regard foreigners less with fear than with indifference. If they *do* have an overriding fear, it seems to have little to do with foreigners. Some senior Khmer Rouge commanders, in private conversations with Khmer-speaking Frenchmen, in whom they came to have some trust, expressed concern that moderates or soft-living outsiders in their movement might "steal their revolutionary victory" or dilute it.

If such views are generally held by the Khmer Rouge military commanders, it would suggest that the leading soft-living outsider, Prince Sihanouk—though he is the nominal chief of state of the Khmer Rouge government—will not be allowed to return to Cambodia from his exile perch in Peking for some time, if ever, and that the military, rather than the politicians and other civilian officials, will remain in charge in these initial stages of the revolution.

From time to time Phnom Penh Radio has spoken of Khieu Samphan, the best known of the civilian leaders (although he is defense minister and armed forces commander as well as deputy premier, he has no real military background), but it is not clear whether he is actually in

(Continued on page 34.)

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In 1901, while searching for oil in the La Brea Tar Pits near Los Angeles, W. W. Orcutt, of Union Oil, discovered the bones of prehistoric animals.

This year more than 40,000 people will have their lives lengthened by the implantation of a small valve in their hearts. The valve is made of a unique, super strong, carbon-coated graphite. The graphite is produced by a subsidiary of Union Oil Company of California.

Bob Carlson's initial interest was in finding a new, super strong material that could stand up to the heat and pressure of reentry of space vehicles.

Carlson and his team developed an exceptional—indeed a super—graphite. In the process, dozens of other valuable uses were discovered for this amazing material, everything from improving laser beams to making artificial heart valves.

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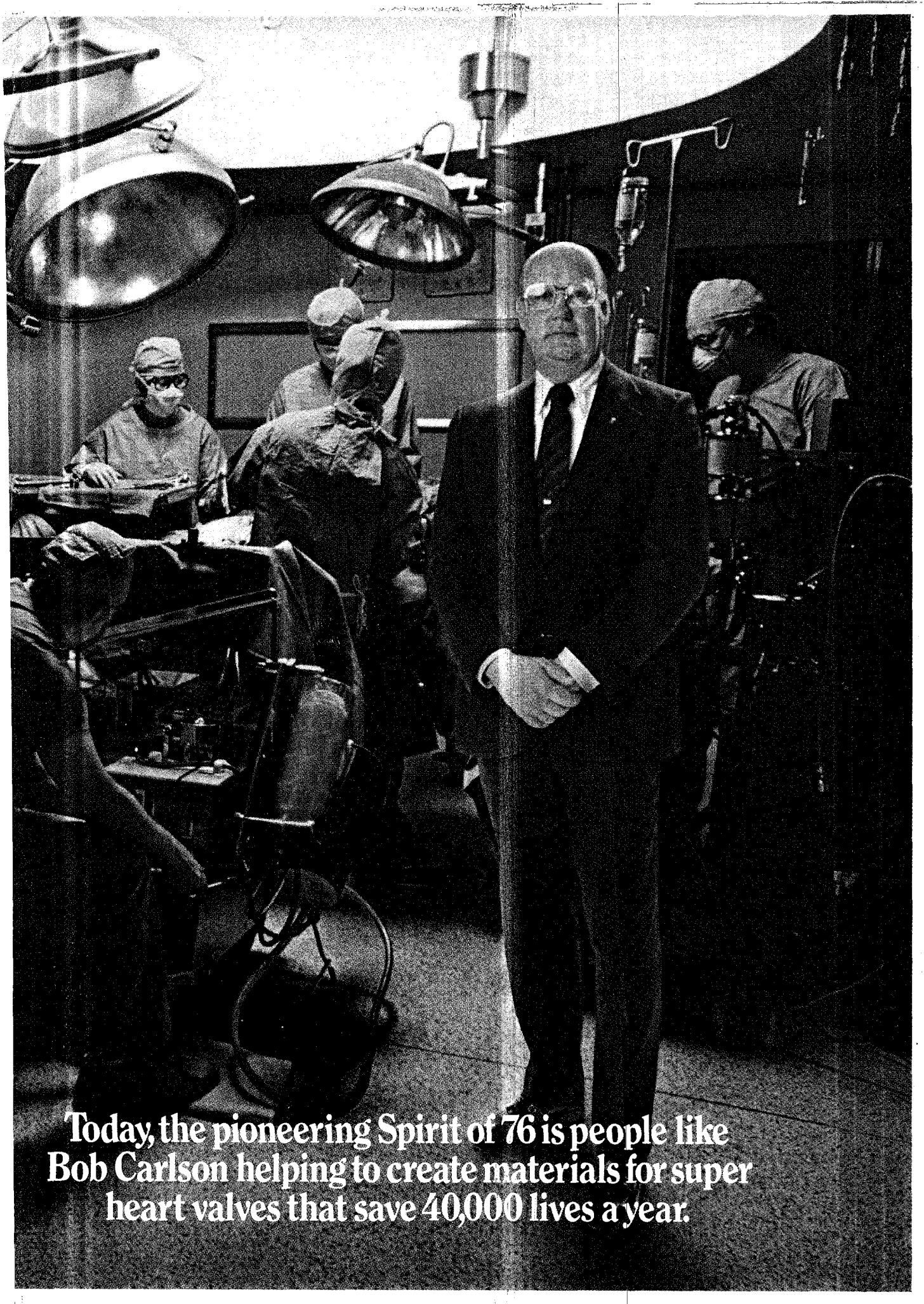
Today, the pioneering Spirit of 76 is people like
Bob Carlson helping to create materials for super
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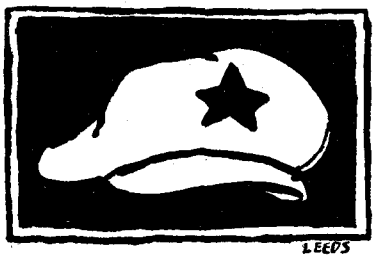
(Continued from page 31.)
Phnom Penh or, even if he is, whether it is he or the military field commanders who are wielding real power.

Other names—Ieng Sary, a Hanoi-inclined member of the Cambodian politburo; Saloth Sar, secretary general of the Cambodian Communist Party and Army chief of staff; and Son Sen, another military leader—are also mentioned by Western analysts, who speculate on their respective power and respective ties to either Hanoi or Peking and on their



respective credentials as either nationalists or hard-line Communists. But for the moment at least, all this is pretty much crystal-ball gazing, for facts are sparse.

Surely factions are to be found within the Khmer Rouge movement—and perhaps on some issues the disputes are virulent—but nothing we saw inside Cambodia indicated any major differences regarding the fundamental issues, such as the evacuation of the cities. All the evidence suggests that the urban exodus was planned long in advance. If it looked chaotic, it was chaos viewed through Western eyes. The Khmer Rouge seemed to know what they wanted to do and went about doing it with dispatch.

But as always in discussing the Khmer Rouge, what we don't know far surpasses what we do. We don't know, for example, what future role they plan for the cities they emptied, which, when we left, were merely sites for military headquarters and garrisons. Some junior Khmer Rouge officers—the reliability of whose information is unknown—told us that Phnom Penh would become only an administrative center for government offices and that it would have but a fraction of its former population.

What form will Cambodian communism take? Although the Khmer Rouge were tutored and guided by the North Vietnamese in the early years of the war, they were uneasy allies at best, and the brand of communism that has emerged is authentically Cambodian. It looks more Chinese than North Vietnamese, but its style and character suggest that it is fundamentally a local product—and it may be as alien to Pham Van Dong as it is to Henry Kissinger. It is more radical than any of the other Communist systems we have seen, and its precepts all come from the countryside. It has been called Marxist—but falsely, I think, because the urban worker has almost no place in it, let alone being the vanguard of the revolution.

Yet the Cambodian movement is unlikely to be monolithic, and we have still to see what influence, if any, the moderate and nationalist voices will have on the hard-line policies of the Khmer Communist Party, which seems dominant now. One recent report said that Sihanoukist forces are in charge in areas northwest of Phnom Penh. What that means is not clear, but it reinforces the impression we had, after the Khmer Rouge victory, that there are both hard and soft elements in the movement.

We probably have more clues to the foreign policy of the Khmer Rouge government than to anything else about it. Its pronouncements over Phnom Penh Radio say that it intends to follow a policy of strict neutrality and non-alignment, respecting all other political systems and nations as long as they do not interfere in Cambodian affairs. But the radio broadcasts, almost the only source of official news from Cambodia, have made it clear that China is the number-one ally. "The victory of the Cambodian people in defeating the U.S. imperialists is the same as the victory of the Chinese," said a broadcast on May 11. "The strategic unity between Cambodia and China, which is the base of our friendship, will last forever." North Vietnam and North Korea were distinctly given second billing—and the Soviet Union was not mentioned at all.

In recent days American intelligence sources have promulgated reports of clashes between Cambodian and Vietnamese troops, both in border areas and on some islands in the Gulf of Siam that sit astride possible rich deposits of undersea oil. The reports say that the Vietnamese overran the islands and now control them. Other reports say that a Khmer Rouge delegation subsequently flew to Hanoi to try to resolve these disputes. If these accounts are accurate, it would appear that the historical enmity between Cambodians and Vietnamese, submerged by relatively common goals during the war, is now surfacing again.

It seems highly unlikely that the Khmer Rouge, with their present internal problems of reconstruction, have any expansionist aims. Their clashes with their neighbors indicate something else: that the new Cambodia, in withdrawing into itself and largely isolating itself from the outside world, may not make the kind of ideological distinctions the Western mind might expect. Its xenophobia will apparently extend to Communist as well as anti-Communist states.

On the great-power level, China is alone in having any influence at this point. I think, however, that considering the strongly independent overtones of the Cambodian revolution, it would be a mistake to imagine that the Khmer Rouge are marionettes dancing on Peking's strings.

As far as U.S.-Cambodian relations are concerned, there seems little change in Washington's policy and therefore little likelihood of contacts in the near future. In a speech to the Japan Society on June 18, Secretary of State Kissinger declared: "New regimes have come to power in Asia in the past few months. They have flouted international agreements and flagrantly violated accepted international standards, and that we cannot ignore." Washington's intentions thus appear to reinforce Cambodia's inclination to turn away from the rest of the world. The gunboat diplomacy of the *Mayaguez* affair did nothing to alter this impression.

Mr. Kissinger did make one potentially flexible gesture in that Japan Society speech. He said: "We are prepared, however, to look to the future. Our attitude toward them will be influenced by their conduct toward their neighbors and their attitude toward us." Yet it was not really a conciliatory statement, since any shift in U.S. policy would require the Cambodians to make the first move.

The Khmer Rouge have said that they will accept aid from foreign sources if it is without strings. On both humanitarian and pragmatic grounds, reconstruction aid would seem a policy worth considering. Not only would it help the Cambodian people at a time of great need, but also it would serve Washington's more practical interest in retaining influence in Asia.

One hopes that the leadership in Washington will eventually acquire the farsightedness to discern that there are other ways of looking at Cambodia besides ideological and geopolitical ones—ways that would put people, not just governments, into the foreign-policy equation. □

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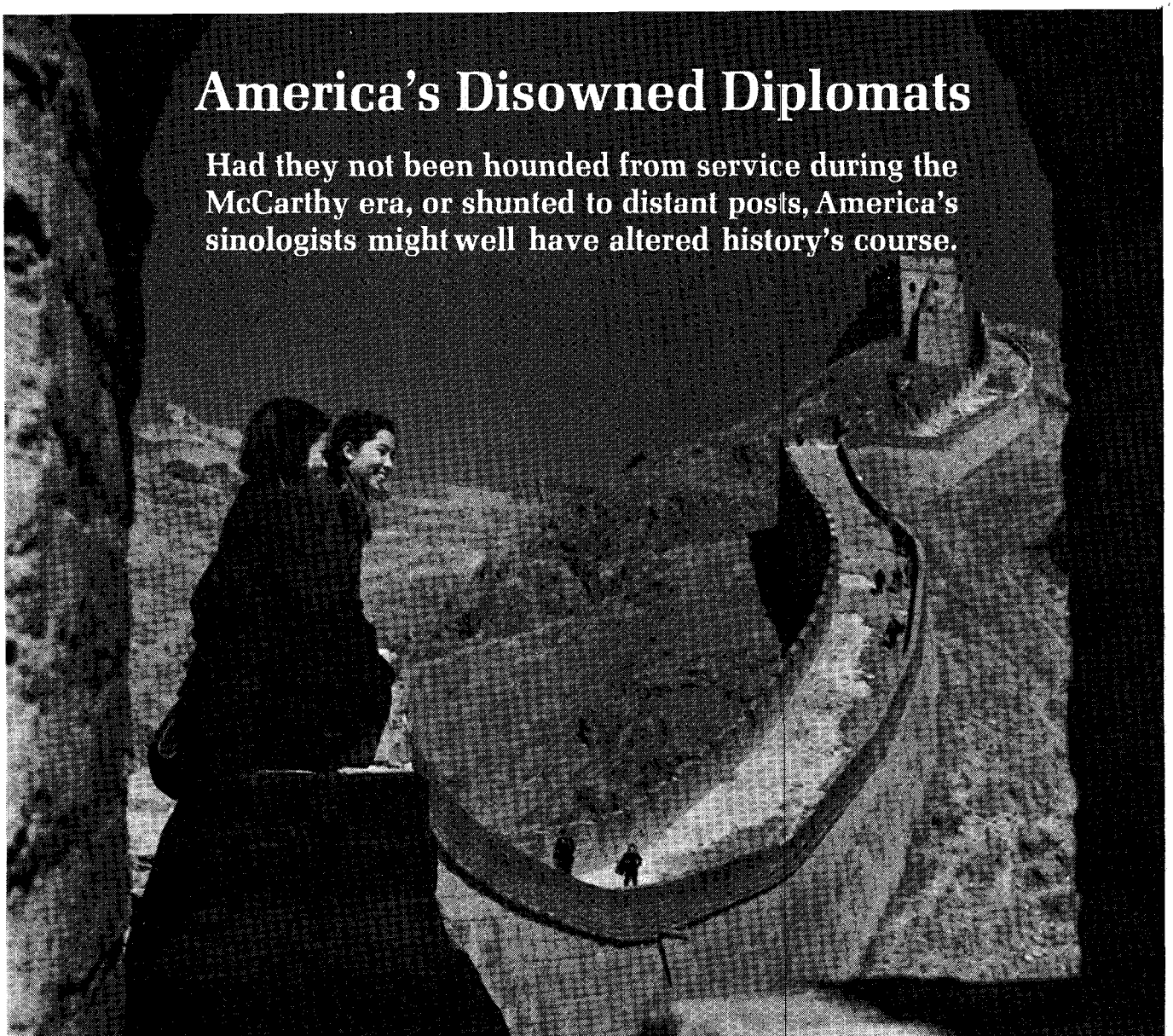
America's Disowned Diplomats

Had they not been hounded from service during the McCarthy era, or shunted to distant posts, America's sinologists might well have altered history's course.



Eastfoto

by E. J. Kahn, Jr.

Henry Kissinger's reintroduction of the United States and some of its diplomats to China may be remembered as the greatest—perhaps the only—accomplishment of the Nixon Presidency. It may also have been another instance, however, of too little coming too late. The foreign service officers who were sent to China in 1973 to operate the newly opened American liaison office there were trained and able men, but they had not much firsthand knowledge compared with the sinologists of the generation before them, who, had they been listened to during earlier administrations, might have significantly influenced, or at the very least maintained, mid-twentieth-century relations between their country and the most populous one on earth.

China, of course, was a factor in both of the two wars in which American troops have fought since World War II—in Korea as an active participant, in Vietnam as a power behind the scenes and ominously close to the scene. Had America's veteran China experts been consulted much about either conflict, there is no telling how the dismal course of history might have been altered. Oliver Edmund Clubb, for instance, was in charge of China affairs for the State Department when President Truman went to Wake Island, in August 1950, to confer with General MacArthur about the likely future course of events in Korea. Clubb had already warned his superiors that if MacArthur pushed his American forces north of the Thirty-eighth Parallel, China would probably intervene, but no one had listened to him. And when a diplomatic entourage was selected to accompany Truman to Wake, Clubb was conspicuously left out. Soon afterward he was forced into retirement.

Between the Korean and Vietnamese wars, toward the end of the 1960 Presidential campaign, when John F. Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon held their four celebrated television debates, the substantive issue that seemed most to preoccupy both of them was the fate of Quemoy and Matsu, the two small island clusters lying between the People's Republic of China, on the Asian mainland, and the Republic of China, on Taiwan. The candidates had some differences of opinion as to just what the United States should do about Quemoy and Matsu, but they agreed—for it would have been all but politically suicidal at that moment in history to take

A staff writer for The New Yorker, *E. J. Kahn, Jr., has just written* The China Hands, *from which this article is excerpted.*

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any other public stance—that the unbending support of Chiang Kai-shek, presiding over his republic in Taipei, was vital to American interests.

IN THE FALL OF 1960, when so much of what was happening in the United States was influenced by attitudes toward China, Everett F. Drumright was the American ambassador at Taipei, and Edward E. Rice—who a year after Kennedy's Presidential victory would become deputy assistant secretary of state for Far Eastern affairs—was a member of that department's policy-planning staff. Drumright and Rice were largely unknown, except to people whose thoughts were almost exclusively focused on China, but it was significant that the two were where they were. For in the foreign service they were the only two sinologists with pre—Second-World-War experience in their field who still had anything to do with China. At the outbreak of the war, more than a score of specialists like them had been in the service. But in the 15 years that had elapsed since V-J Day—and in the 11 years since Mao Tse-tung had displaced Chiang in China—the rest of the "old China hands" of the foreign service had been eased out, or thrown out, of any consequential participation in Chinese affairs, on the grounds that they had had a hand in "losing" China.

They had not lost China. They had not had it in their power to lose or keep that land. China had been lost by Chiang Kai-shek—and won by Mao—through a convulsive, probably inexorable, revolution. If any outside influences deserved credit for abetting Mao's victory, the aggressiveness of the Japanese in the Thirties certainly eclipsed the acts of omission or commission of any American foreign service officer anywhere at any time.

In 1944 and 1945 most of the foreign service officers who knew China well were saying that no matter what hopes they or anybody else entertained about China's future, and no matter how much they or anybody else might wish to see Chiang Kai-shek retain control of a unified China, in the struggle between the Generalissimo and the Communists, Chiang was sure to lose. These China specialists were extraordinarily non-competitive. There was no single star, no George Kennan, among them; they considered themselves, and probably were, a collective elite, with a shared pride comparable to that often found among

Photographs: Wide World

Oliver Edmund Clubb, above, and John Carter Vincent, below, before the House Un-American Activities Committee—Pride like that found among U.S. Marines.

U.S. Marines, and an élan stemming from their common concern for intellectual inquiry, from their deep immersion into and understanding of Chinese ethnocentricity, and from the peculiar challenge of the problems that faced them in their work. And further, they had in common an awareness of how challenging it had been merely to get where they were; it was generally conceded that a minimum of about 10 years in China was necessary before anyone could rightly be termed, in the non-pejorative sense, an old China hand.

THAT THE OLD CHINA HANDS were correct in what they were saying 30 years ago their later detractors considered irrelevant; the detractors could not perceive the difference between predicting an eventuality and preferring it. Among the crueler jabs directed at one of them, John S. Service, after he had been fired from the foreign service (it took six years of effort and a Supreme Court decision for him to be reinstated), was the charge that he was somehow personally responsible for the deaths of American young men in the Korean War. The fact was that if he—like Edmund Clubb—had been listened to, and if the United States had taken a realistic view of China and its Communists, there might have been either no Korean War at all or one considerably less protracted and less agonizing.

As for Vietnam, the State Department found itself in a peculiar situation when the events there escalated—an escalation that might not necessarily have occurred as it did if a trained corps of senior men with Far Eastern experience had been available for advice. In the late Fifties and early Sixties, few foreign service

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officers could speak Vietnamese; so some of the post-war crop of sinologists, who hadn't been old enough to have a hand in "losing China," were sent to Saigon, where it was hoped that they could learn something from the Chinese-speaking indigenes. But for the most part they had unrewarding tours of duty. It did not sit well with their superiors when the specialists reported that they perceived, from their knowledge of Asian history, certain basic similarities between what was going on in Vietnam and what had gone on in China in the Forties.

In 1960, at the time of the Kennedy-Nixon television confrontations, old China hands had been blown like dead leaves all over the earth. Like ancient messengers who delivered unacceptable messages, they had nearly all, Drumright and Rice excepted, been relegated to positions in which they could not effectively exercise their expertise.

• John Service was U.S. consul at Liverpool, England.

• Raymond P. Ludden, a man of rare courage, who, like Service, was assigned to Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell during much of the war, and who once spent four wintry wartime months on a reconnaissance—much of it on foot—behind Japanese lines in northwest China, was, after nearly 30 years of diplomatic service, U.S. consul at Düsseldorf. In the earlier post-war years, Ludden had been shuttled from Dublin to Brussels to Paris to Stockholm. "From 1949 on," he reflected long after his retirement, "I was just putting in my time. I couldn't get a job as dogcatcher."

• John Paton Davies, Jr., another Stilwell staff man, who was often considered the most intellectual of the China specialists, was in Lima, Peru, in the fall of 1960, having been cashiered from the

And What of the Old Vietnam Hands?

The victory of the North has ended America's obsession with the South. On a more personal, more immediate level, however, the fact of the defeat in Vietnam has aroused anxieties about the fallout of defeat—its possible impact on the professional futures of those foreign service officers who, over that tormented decade, were identified with what ended up as a disaster for the United States.

Talking with old Vietnam hands at the State Department is an encounter with anxiety. The dialogue is not always identical, but there is real concern among some—not all—that the Communist victory in Vietnam may affect their careers in the same way the Communist victory in China affected the careers of the old China hands a generation ago, in the heyday of McCarthyism. No ideological overtones this time around; no one will be accused of being a card-carrying "et cetera." Rather, these FSOs feel that their very protracted involvement with Vietnam may make them vulnerable only because *our* side was defeated, despite the fact that we had fewer dead. The sentences they utter to portray their frustrations are often tentative, contradictory, the ad-libs of anxiety, but what *does* emerge is their fear that failure must be paid for and that they will be the ones to pay—professionally. "A certain stigma goes with failure, defeat, in any enterprise," says one diplomatic veteran of Vietnam. "There is some anxiety, perhaps not intense, among old-time Vietnam hands. Maybe we're a little paranoid after all those years in Vietnam, and I don't even know whether the anxiety is justified. But it is there."

These anxieties are translated in several ways.

"A lot of us are worried not so much in terms of an overt purge," says another Vietnam specialist, "but, rather, whether the people who handle assignments and promotions may not subconsciously, if not consciously, think that service in Vietnam was, in effect, specializing in failure, that there must be something wrong with these guys. True or not, a lot of us are concerned. There is no evidence of any intent to reward us for all those years of diligent service to a lost cause. I'm now being sent to . . . in the middle of nowhere. Who in the department is going to read what you write from there unless it's damn good poetry?"

THIS CONCERN is also reflected in the conviction among some Vietnam specialists that they are now in a competitively inferior position. Once, Vietnam was the mandatory passion of the foreign service, and the officers studied its language, culture, and politics; today, these FSOs are specialists of a society that no longer exists. Who now cares about the idiosyncrasies of Nguyen Van Thieu or whether ARVN—the Army of the Republic of Vietnam—can "hack" it? "To be an expert on Southeast Asia is now, at best, to be a glut on the market," says one expert who feels that way and who can barely conceal his envy of those foreign service officers who devoted *their* years to Europe, the Soviet Union, and the Middle East. "Vietnam doesn't exactly qualify you for other jobs."

But while these sentiments of some old Vietnam hands may be understandable, they must not be exaggerated; this sense of unease does not seem to be rooted in any abundance of evidence. "I would suspect the contrary," says one high official, knocking down the very notion of such professional discrimination in the making. "Vietnam service is going to help rather than hurt. An effort is being made to get them damned good assignments." His convictions were echoed by a number of middle-level FSOs, including several with years of Vietnam experience. The Vietnam debacle happened so swiftly, says one FSO, that in the rush to reassign people, not everyone got the post of his choice; it was simply a question of supply and demand. Another FSO suggests the safety-in-numbers argument. "There is no way the foreign service can screw the Vietnam specialists," he says unequivocally. "Because there were just too many of them."

Yet the timing of the anxieties of the old Indochina hands is significant: in the immediate aftermath of the debacle in Vietnam, on April 20, the concern was acute; it has eased since then. The Vietnam specialist who in early May was agonizing about what he regarded as the bleakness of his professional future was saying in late June that what he was really concerned about was not so much next week or next month, but the long range, the next few years. "They *are* making an effort to help us," he said, in what represented a change in view. Still, he felt unsure about his prospects. "Success has many fathers," he observed, applying an old saying to his own anxieties. "Failure is an orphan."

BERNARD KALB

Bernard Kalb, co-author of Kissinger, *has covered Southeast Asia since 1956, for* The New York Times *and for the CBS News Southeast Asia Bureau.*

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"If the United States had taken a realistic view of China, there might have been either no Korean War at all or one considerably less agonizing."

foreign service six years previously by John Foster Dulles. Davies—who had spurned an opportunity to resign and, because he was under 50 years of age, was ineligible for a pension—was trying as best he could to support a wife and seven children by making furniture.

• John K. Emmerson, who was technically a Japanese-language officer but spent many of the war years in China, had not long before reported in to Salisbury, Rhodesia, as American consul general. He got there by way of Karachi, Pakistan; Beirut; Paris; and Lagos, Nigeria.

• John Carter Vincent, who had been the highest ranking of all the old China hands, in 1960 was living in retirement in Cambridge, Mass., tending a vegetable garden. He had once been in charge of all Far Eastern affairs for the State Department, but his last post, just before he was scuttled by Secretary Dulles, had been a crushingly insignificant one at Tangier.

• Edmund Clubb, who had been bullied into retirement in 1952, was teaching part-time at New York University, Brooklyn College, and Columbia University in 1960; later he was to become a research associate of Columbia's East Asian Institute. On being forced to leave the foreign service after he had served nearly 24 years, Clubb had graciously declared, "Should my knowledge and experience in future circumstances be deemed potentially useful to the Department of State, I should of course be glad to be of service in any way feasible." Nobody from the department ever took him up on the offer, though it was logical to surmise that somebody there had at least glanced at one or two of his books about China, which had been highly praised for their insights and evaluations.

• Richard M. Service, John Service's younger brother, was counselor at The Hague.

• Philip D. Sprouse was an inspector for the foreign service. For most of the Fifties, he had been stationed in Paris and Brussels. When he became an inspector, the inspector general advised him that State had imposed one restriction on his new assignment: Sprouse was not to inspect any missions in Asia. Sprouse, too, finally became an ambassador—in Cambodia, where he presided briefly at the start of the Kennedy administration, before being invalided home. But he received his embassy only after he had handed in his resignation from the foreign service, having decided to quit, in despair, because 30 men junior to him had already become ambassadors. Dean Rusk, upon receiving the resignation, asked him what the trouble was. "I'm not thin-skinned," Sprouse told the Secretary, "but I'm also not stupid. I've been behind the China eight ball far too long."

• Arthur R. Ringwalt had just retired as U.S. consul general at Kingston, Jamaica. The assignment was undemanding, but a good deal more agreeable than some jobs he had had when he was concerned with Chinese matters. In Chungking, 15 years earlier, for instance, he had been political officer under Ambassador Patrick Hurley. One day the volatile Hurley, displeased with a report Ringwalt submitted to him, had pulled a gun on him.

• James K. Penfield, who had served in Prague, London, Vienna, and Athens after he had been separated from Chinese affairs, was in Washington as deputy assistant secretary for African affairs. When he finally received an embassy in 1961, it was the one at Reykjavik, Iceland.

• Robert W. Barnett was a counselor at Brussels, responsible for Common Market problems. He had spent most of his post-war years working on European affairs. Once, in the early Fifties, he decided to put his knowledge of China to some use by looking into the Asian connections of European nations. He became a great favorite of the Portuguese, because he was the only European-affairs man they had ever encountered who seemed to know or to care about Macao. A conference was to take place in Lisbon about whether or not NATO would have to get involved if anything happened to Macao. Barnett, to the delight of his Portuguese friends, was slated to head the American delegation. At the last moment, however, someone above him in Secretary Dulles's chain of command remembered that Barnett was an old China hand, and his orders were canceled.

• Fulton Freeman was another counselor at Brussels. Like Sprouse, he had earlier been a foreign service inspector. He had traveled widely in that capacity, through, among other places, Africa and South America, but he had never been permitted to do any inspecting in Asia. Indeed, after he had left China in 1948, he never again set foot in eastern Asia. Every now and then he inquired whether there wasn't some Asian diplomatic slot that he could fill, and in February 1961, just after President Kennedy's inauguration, he thought that he would have a shot at Bangkok, where he could have put his Chinese to some use. But nothing came of his hopes. "Whenever I brought up the subject, I found myself against an impervious wall," he would say later. "Every time I talked about going to the Far East, somebody would tell me to forget it."

Like some others, Freeman had imagined that when Eisenhower left the White House and Kennedy came in, the clouds that had hung so long over most of the old China hands would finally be dispersed. The combination of John Kennedy as President and Dean Rusk as Secretary of State seemed almost too good to be true. Rusk was a personal friend of many of the men involved. He had been a colonel in the China-Burma-India theater of operation during the war, had moved to State under Gen. George Marshall in 1946, had become Dean Acheson's assistant secretary for Far Eastern affairs in 1950, and after that had been president of the Rockefeller Foundation, an organization established to aid the oppressed.

RUSK WAS A DISAPPOINTMENT, although he had begun his tenure as head of State auspiciously. Not long after he had been installed, he told a gathering of foreign service officers how highly he esteemed them; in his remarks he singled out John Davies as more or less the embodiment of all the virtues that a foreign service officer should have. Davies, who by now had become, in his own wry words, an "unfrocked diplomat," was far from the scene of this encomium; he was in Peru, where he was trying to get his furniture business reorganized after a partner had absconded with the firm's money. James Penfield was present; a couple of days later he ran into Rusk in a corridor, congratulated him on his heartening words, and said that he hoped they were a har-

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binger of better things to come for the old China hands and particularly for Davies. "It's high time something was done about this," Rusk replied.

But the time never ripened, in part, presumably, because of the Secretary's stiff feelings about the Chinese Communists, whom he tended to appraise as a monolithic, aggressive horde. "We do not recognize the authorities in Peiping [former name of Peking] for what they pretend to be," Rusk had declared in 1951, when he was assistant secretary for Far Eastern affairs. "The Peiping regime may be a colonial Russian government—a Slavic Manchukuo on a larger scale. It is not the government of China." A decade later there was little to indicate that anything had taken place to alter Rusk's rigid evaluation, and indeed as late as 1965 he would be describing as "gullible" the old China hands who clung to the belief that the Chinese Communists, whatever else they might or might not be, were indisputably Chinese.

As for Kennedy, as far as the general public was concerned, he came to the White House with shining liberal credentials. The old China hands were not so sure. After all, in 1948 and 1949, while a member of the House, Kennedy had made speeches endorsing some of General Hurley's fulminations against these men, and his brother Robert in his political infancy had actually worked for Joe McCarthy. It was uncertain, too, to what extent Kennedy dared to attempt to make any substantial changes in the nation's hands-off China policy. Unless he intended to do so, he was not likely to do much for men who could not be restored to good governmental standing without at least an implicit admission by the government that the things for which they had been punished were no longer considered wrong.

For a while, Kennedy hoped to initiate a dialogue with the People's Republic by means of a humanitarian food program; surely, nobody could complain too loudly, his advisers reasoned, about the President's seeking to keep anyone from starving to death. But nothing came of that plan, nor, for that matter, of the deliberations of a special study group that Kennedy had set up in the summer of 1963 to make recommendations to him about possible changes in Sino-American relations. He died before the group could report back to him.

Kennedy, of course, had many more things to worry about than the feelings of a handful of aggrieved individuals. He had been elected by a slim margin, and he needed every bit of congressional support he could muster if he had any hope of putting across many of his programs. It was more or less agreed by him and his staff that whatever might be done to rehabilitate the old China hands would have to wait until his second term. And so, during the fateful era in the Far East that began soon after V-J Day, and indeed largely unto this day, the United States found itself deprived of services of men whom Eric Sevareid once described as "the ablest group of young diplomats I had ever seen in a single mission abroad." In 1967, long after most of these same men had left government service or had been dispersed to remote missions where their language skills were worthless, Prof. John K. Fairbank, probably the nation's most eminent sinologist, said: "These men were true China specialists, and we have no one like them today. . . . In our lifetime we shall never again get this much of a grasp of the Chinese scene." □

Asia: Selected Current Reading

Remaking Asia: Essays on the American Uses of Power, edited by Mark Selden, with an introduction by Harry Magdoff, Pantheon, 381 pp., $3.45. The nature and impact of American power in Asia.

Japan: Divided Politics in a Growth Economy, by J. A. A. Stockwin, Norton, 296 pp., $10. Analysis of the political process in Japan.

Japan: The Fragile Super Power, by Frank Gebney, Norton (1975), 347 pp., $10. A professional journalist-businessman's interpretation of the qualities that have made the Japanese such a modern success.

Japan: The New Superstate, by Nobutaka Ike, Freeman/Scribner's, 121 pp., $5.95. Delineation of the factors that contributed to Japan's economic growth in the Sixties. And a look into Japan's future.

Origins of the Modern Japanese State: Selected Writings of E. H. Norman, edited by John W. Dower, Pantheon, 497 pp., $5.95. Essays by the preeminent Western scholar of modern Japan.

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The Japan-China Phenomenon: Conflict or Compatibility? by Shuichi Kato, with an introduction by Arnold Toynbee, Kosansha International, 103 pp., $5.95. Japanese and Chinese attitudes to life and the differences between them.

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Uncertain Passage: China's Transition to the Post-Mao Era, by A. Doak Barnett, Brookings Institution, 387 pp., $9.95 cloth, $4.95 paper. The forces that will influence future events in China.

China: The People's Republic of China and Richard Nixon, by Claude A. Buss, Freeman/Scribner's, 118 pp., $5.95. The interrelationship of Chinese and American foreign and domestic policies, including historical background.

Vietnamese Communism: Its Origins and Development, by Robert F. Turner, Hoover, 517 pp., $14.95. The first 40 years of Vietnamese communism.

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Fiction in the Age of Excess

by Joe David Bellamy

In the mid-Sixties the rules of the game of American fiction writing changed so quickly that the transition all but cost fiction its life. A number of the most serious American fiction writers—faced with encroachments from other media, a depleted pantheon haunted by dead giants, and bothersome esthetic prophecies—turned away from so-called realism toward a variety of new modes and attitudes. How are we to understand this sweeping change in the literary climate? A number of explanations have been offered.

Just as photography helped turn painters away from representationalism, one argument goes, so film, TV, and the new journalism conspired to deflect serious fiction writers away from realism. When it comes to representing *things*, the argument goes, one picture *is* worth a thousand words, and one movie may be worth a trillion. Having lost out in the contest to "represent reality," fiction could survive only if it abandoned "reality" altogether and turned instead to the power of words to stimulate fantasies.

How else to account for the parade of droll and murderous visions that began to take shape in American fiction of the mid-Sixties? Gathering in momentum and frenzied imaginative energy through the Seventies, such visions seemed the most conspicuous aspect of a bewildering range of experimentation with fictional forms, particularly "the short story," which would have stunned early twentieth-century masters of the genre.

A weariness with worn-out fictional conventions was partly responsible, some critics believe; the new writing indicated that fiction was at last catching up with the waves of innovation and consolidation that had already taken place several decades before in other, less refractory arts such as painting, music, or film.

But perhaps the most revealing explanation for the recent obsession with forms and visions can be located in the vagaries and intense dislocations of contemporary American experience. As early as March 1961, that erstwhile American realist Philip Roth wrote in *Commentary* that the toughest problem for the American writer was that the substance of the American experience itself was so abnormally and fantastically strange it had become an "embarrassment to one's own meager imagination." Suddenly fiction writers were struggling to discover modes equivalent to their emotional and imaginative perception of this strangeness.

This was approximately the point, in other words, at which American experience itself began to seem surreal. The apocalyptical ambience of the Sixties was gearing up. What followed—Vietnam, assassinations, the new drug culture, continuing national fragmentation and embarrassment, increasing sense of the loss of a shared reality, real people becoming more and more disposable, social relations becoming more and more businesslike and ritualized and compartmentalized—only accelerated the process. There was less and less need to relate personally to the vast horde of strangers—mass murderers, junkies, hardhats, mad bombers, sadists, perverts, freaks of all kinds—and more and more desire for intimate relations with Walter Cronkite and Jane Fonda, the Beatles and Howard Cosell, Archie Bunker and the Iron Butterfly, the Playmate of the Month and the Lord of the Rings—all disembodied personalities extending fingers of light, shape, print, or sound directly into our brains with new immediacy, yet dispensing with the old social ratios, requiring hardly more than passive, dumb attentiveness from us to mold a relationship.

If reality becomes surrealistic, what must fiction do to be realistic? Critic Robert Scholes, in *The Fabulators*, predicted a "return to a more verbal kind of fiction . . . , a less realistic and more artistic kind of narrative: more shapely, more evocative; more concerned with ideas and ideals, less concerned with things." And he called this new direction "fabulation."

Whatever one calls it—fabulation, fantasy, irrealism (John Barth's word for it via Borges), or superfiction, the fiction of the Sixties was suddenly full of worlds where fantasies are allowed to get up and walk around; where little green spacemen may be "real"; where a man on his way home from a quiet visit to the zoo, as in Kurt Vonnegut's story "Unready to Wear" (contained in *Welcome to the Monkey House*), accidentally learns how to walk right out of his body, and the discovery changes human life "more than the invention of fire, numbers, the alphabet, agriculture, or the wheel." In this kind of fiction—from Barth to Barthelme to Vonnegut—the laws of nature are quietly suspended, and in exchange for a sense of prosaic reality we get a dreamlike world with big horrors and big jokes—but generally full of surprises.

What was developing during the Sixties was a growing awareness, among new journalists and fiction writers alike, that the old conventions based on the probabilities of the experiential world, which had supposedly guaranteed "objectivity," were inadequate to new experience, on the one hand; and that, on the other, they were faulty—since even a modest understanding of the way language works led to the realization that selection, arrangement, and attitudinal investment affect every "realistic" account. The new fiction was thus the expression of radical new doubts about the nature of "reality" and the validity of the fiction-making process in relation to "reality."

IN ATTEMPTING TO MAKE sense of American fiction of the last decade, our understanding is decidedly enhanced if we adopt the view that the history of fiction from Defoe and Richardson to the present embodies a series of advances toward greater and greater inwardness and individuation, or at least a series of different but effectively more intense ventures in that direction: forays inward. Forays *inward* over the course of nearly three centuries, I would argue, led logically to the genesis of the mental processes that account for the evolution of the dominant inward-turning

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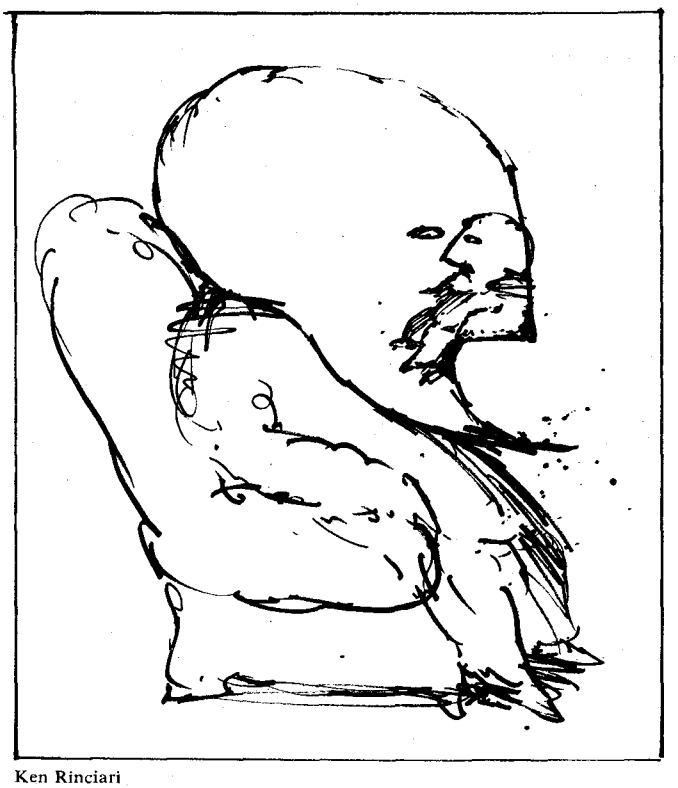

Ken Rinciari

"In the world of the contemporary superfictionist, we are most frequently inside a character looking in."

modes of the present—led, in a word, to superfiction.

In *Love and Death in the American Novel*, critic and novelist Leslie Fiedler speaks of the "new concept of inwardness" that characterized the rise of the novel. He describes that revolution as one marked by "the invention of a new kind of self, a new level of mind; for what has been happening since the eighteenth century seems more like the development of a new organ than the mere finding of a new way to describe old experience." Careful study of the origins of prose fiction in the eighteenth century reveals the important historical connection between the birth of the genre and a unique set of economic, political, social, and philosophical features—industrial capitalism, Puritanism, and, especially, the emergence of individualism—an ideology based primarily *not* on the tradition of the past but on the autonomy and ascendancy of the individual within society. Literary scholar Ian Watt has shown in *The Rise of the Novel* what an unprecedented leap Samuel Richardson's narrative mode represented, for example, with its interest in the "minute-by-minute content of consciousness," and how it reflected a larger change in outlook, "the transition from the objective, social, and public orientation of the classical world to the subjective, individualist, and private orientation of the life and literature of the last two hundred years."

Implicit in Leslie Fiedler's discussion of the novel throughout his monumental study is his belief that the history of American fiction continues the snowballing effect of individuation and inwardness that began with Richardson: "The novel must continue to carry the torch to the back of the cave...or surrender its birthright, its essential function." The hallmarks of the new age of the novel were mass production and lonely consumption, a process that still goes on.

In the early twentieth century, when modernist writers, from Virginia Woolf to William Faulkner, revamped the idea of "character" and "retreated" into consciousness, traditional critics bemoaned the loss of authorial authority and the absence of "memorable" characters. The crucial insight which many readers overlooked was that emphasis on consciousness—a significant turn toward greater inwardness—was an abandonment not of character but of the idea of self *as other*. Instead of *looking at* the characters in a piece of fiction, the twentieth-century reader was *feeling through* them. Even though the effect of this change was a diminution of the reader's ability to "remember" these bodies as "characters," he was still quite capable of experiencing a novel or a story vividly and memorably. It was really merely the external and social aspects of character that were falling away as common social meanings became so dubious for some writers that only an affirmation of inner meanings seemed possible.

To put it another way, in traditional fiction we meet "characters" who are looking out—at society, manners, plots; in the early twentieth-century novel of consciousness or modernist short fiction, we are *inside* a character (or characters) looking out. In the world of the contemporary superfictionist, we are most frequently inside a character (or characters) looking *in*—*or* these inner phantasms are projected outward, and in a sometimes frightening, sometimes comical reversal, the outside "reality" begins to look more and more like a mirror of the inner landscape—there is so little difference between the two.

WHAT, THEN, is the upshot of these developments?

Now that we have reached the postmodernist stage—or "post-contemporary," as critic Jerome Klinkowitz would have it—most forms of change seem acts of hot rebellion against modernist esthetic assumptions. But surely it is always the function of art to renew our perception, and ever-fresh perception of the present is ultimately connected to sheer survival. The insight that so much recent fiction dramatizes is this: art and language help *create* reality rather than serving as inert vehicles through which a self-evidently recognizable external reality is made manifest—a major ideological split between the new fiction and the old. Language, these writers are saying, *helps to constitute our reality*. Imagination (making things up) is a major form of perception, not a mere literary luxury but an absolutely necessary means of getting from one moment to the next. Fiction-making is seen, therefore, not only as a way of making up the world but also as an indispensable way of making sense of it.

The world, both of ideas and of facts, has changed drastically, and the artistic ethos must be expected to change with it. Readers have sometimes been troubled by the newest fictions, in which conflicts are not conventionally resolved and expectations are not conventionally satisfied. Precisely because many of these fictions speak for a new order of existence, and a new perception of that existence, they offer new and special difficulties as well as heightened pleasures. However, if one reads the history of prose fiction as, among other things, a history of increasingly bold and complicated forays inward, toward a confrontation with human consciousness and unconsciousness, then, whatever its changes, new American superfiction carries on the same tradition with impressive fidelity to this original and ancient impulse. □

This article is adapted from *SuperFiction*, or *The American Story Transformed*, an anthology to be published by Vintage Books in September.

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Diary of a Spirited Talker

From the Diaries of Felix Frankfurter
With a Biographical Essay and Notes by Joseph P. Lash
W. W. Norton, 433 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Louis Auchincloss

It was not clear to me until I was halfway through this book why Felix Frankfurter had kept a diary at all or why Joseph Lash had chosen to edit it. Frankfurter explains, conventionally enough, that it has been his great good fortune to meet men "of rare spirit, of vaulting vision and fine deeds," and that he wishes to record their words for posterity. To some extent he succeeds in doing this, but for every sentence of one of his interlocutors, there is a fine full paragraph of Frankfurter himself. It is certainly clear in each dialogue what *he* said.

The combination of ego and brilliance does not necessarily produce a good diary. Frankfurter's friends Henry L. Stimson, Dean Acheson, Harlan Stone, and Robert Jackson stand forth like characters in a classic French tragedy. They don't sicken, they don't eat, they don't lose their tempers. They are large and heroic as they occasionally talk to, but more frequently listen to, the ebullient Frankfurter, the confidant blown up to the role of protagonist.

This would still be fine if Frankfurter's insights were more illuminating, and they become so toward the end of the diary, when he deals with the inner tensions on the Supreme Court. But a large percentage of the diary entries deal with World War II and events so momentous and so well known that reading the diary is like leafing through a stack of old copies of *The New York Times*. Perhaps these sections will be of greater interest to younger persons who did not live through those days. Yet who of any generation could care about the plethora of jottings such as the following (and observe the pedantry of the number of footnotes)?

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20

Corcoran[1] of the R.F.C. phoned as to the possibility of getting Fussell.[2] I talked with Macneil[3] and together we concocted a telegram to O'Melveny to get him to urge Fussell's acceptance.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21

Prof. Hermann Ranke, Egyptologist of Univ. of Heidelberg, came to see me, with a letter of introduction from Philip LaFollette.[1] We had a most pleasant chat. I sent him to Sarton[2] and gave him letters of introduction to Abe Flexner and Oswald Garrison Villard.[3]

The book begins with a long and highly critical biographical preface that offers the reader many opportunities to take sharp issue with Lash. Indeed, the whole volume becomes a kind of running dialogue between the diarist and his curiously disapproving editor. Lash is shocked to find that Frankfurter is particularly violent on the subject of Justice Douglas's absences from the Court. He regards this reaction as arrant hypocrisy because Frankfurter himself spent so much time during the war giving advice to the administration.

Well, if this was so, the diary does not bear it out. When Frankfurter was at Harvard Law School during the brain-trust days of FDR's first term, he may well have scanted his academic duties by his many trips to Washington to draft legislation. But once on the Court he never, that I can see, accepted a government mission, drafted a law, or even attended an administrative conference. What did he do, then? He talked! He talked, and he talked brilliantly (which does *not* come through here, in his own renditions of these conversations). Acheson and Stimson, foreign ambassadors, loved to drop in and listen. Why not? What could they lose? There was nothing said that committed anybody to anything. And there was always the excellent chance, in addition to being relaxed and refreshed (and great men do relax by discussing generalities after spending long days with particulars), of picking up a shrewd tip—particularly the name of the right man for a new post. Or a confirmation of one's suspicion that Cordell Hull should be replaced.

But all of this did not necessarily involve any neglect of the Court. I should wager that no Justice had a better attendance record than did Frankfurter.

From the book
Frankfurter (with Eleanor Roosevelt)—"Proponent of judicial restraint."

The conversations described took place at lunches or dinners or over weekends. Had Frankfurter devoted the same time to philately, I doubt that Lash would have suggested that this was done at the expense of Court duties.

Lash, however, is making this point to underpin another. He believes that Frankfurter was more concerned with being the *éminence grise* of the Roosevelt administration, at least during the war years, than he was with being a judge. This theory will evoke a warm response in many readers. It is popular in twentieth-century biographies to find a chief maneuvered by a brilliant courtier, as if there were something about the very attainment of power that involved a paralysis in using it. Will we ever stop reading about Wilson's super messenger boy Colonel House? Yet what strikes me about this diary is how rarely Frankfurter saw FDR. And I am grateful indeed to Lash for including this footnote, which to me strikingly illuminates the relationship between the two men:

In the autumn of 1942 Frankfurter had pressed Roosevelt to appoint Judge Learned Hand to the seat vacated by Byrnes. Frankfurter called Hand "the only man worthy to rank with Holmes, Brandeis, and Cardozo." Frankfurter thought Roosevelt would have appointed Hand, had it not been for his age, for to have appointed Hand, who

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was 71, would have revived memories of his court-packing plan which had been centered on the age of the justices. That may have been Roosevelt's chief reason for not appointing Hand, but Roosevelt had surprised Douglas at a poker game in early January, saying "Learned Hand is *not* going to be appointed." When Douglas protested that Hand was a fine judge, Roosevelt explained, "This time Felix overplayed his hand." Twenty people that day had asked him to appoint Hand. "Twenty, and every one a messenger from Felix Frankfurter." Roosevelt paused. "And by golly I won't do it." Francis Biddle, who was Attorney General at the time, told Hand, "If Felix hadn't pushed, pushed, pushed, you'd have had a better chance—if he hadn't been so importunate."

Lash finds the tragedy of Frankfurter's judicial career in his failure to provide the kind of liberal leadership for the Court that Holmes and Brandeis had provided, and it is here that diarist and editor definitively part company. Lash thinks that Frankfurter should have joined the Black-Douglas "axis." But Frankfurter's deepest and most passionate convictions were against their theories of constitutional interpretation. Frankfurter describes Black's arguments at one Court conference as "hogwash . . . with fantastic disregard of the truth of the cases and statutes which he threw together haphazardly without relevance and without meaning except generally to create an atmosphere of confusion and intensity of conviction."

It is in these passages that the diary at last becomes historically important. Frankfurter wanted posterity to know how and why the great principle of separation of powers had been breached. He states his credo in ringing terms in an interview with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.:

> I said that it seemed to me that the important thing for a man like himself [Schlesinger] to do was to educate the American people as to the nature of the function of the Court and the nature of the duties of the judges; more particularly that the framers of the Constitution had decided not to make the Court another branch of the legislature; that the liberals all threw their hats up in the air when Brandeis cautioned the Court against becoming a super-legislature, and the point of that was not that the so-called old Court legislated in undesirable ways, but that it legislated at all, and that it is not merely a confusion of function but dishonesty to want the Court to legislate so long as it legislates in the kind of way that people like or to approve the Court's doing so when it does so. I then pointed out the silliness of the reports of Pritchett out in Chicago in giving what Krock and Company call the box score of the Court, being an analysis of decisions solely on the basis of results, whether one votes for or against the Government, for or against labor, for or against this, that, or the other thing. At the core of such an attitude was, of course, the assumption or belief that there is no such thing as law and that law and opinions are just ways of clothing themselves in legal jargon. Schlesinger said that there is a school of thought, particularly centered in Yale, which believes that and believes it is a question of whether your side or the other side is going to use the Supreme Court for its purposes. I told him that such an attitude was of course just as wicked as it was dishonest.

It is not surprising that Lash finds no validity in this credo. His concept of the Constitution is radical and simplistic: it is wrong for a conservative court to legislate—as in the early New Deal days, when so much of FDR's program was thrown out—but it is quite all right for a liberal court to legislate—as in busing, redistricting, capital punishment. The only thing that matters is to get liberal doctrines executed—by whatever instrumentality is available, be it the Court, the Congress, or the White House. But what is surprising is that Lash does not even find Frankfurter's credo sincere:

> Invoking the hallowed name of Holmes, he [Frankfurter] pushed the doctrine of judicial restraint to an extreme that violated the spirit of Holmes and separated him from the most innovative members of the Court. And we must ask why.

We lean forward in our chairs as Lash now dons the robes of Clio to deliver the solemn answer to his own stern question. Frankfurter deliberately adopted noncontroversial positions as a judge in order to distract the public eye from his myriad war activities!

> It is not surprising that a man who was taking enormous risks, as Stone and Berle believed, with the Court's authority and independence, because he was seeking, to paraphrase Learned Hand, to lead a flaming cause from the cloister of the High Court's chamber, should have gravitated on the Bench to a philosophy of the judicial function that involved a minimum expression of his own policy views.

Not surprising! Not surprising that the greatest of our government scholars, a man who had dedicated the bulk of his emotional and intellectual life to the study and clarification of our Constitution, should have turned himself into a judicial puppet when he had finally attained the goal of his lifetime! Not surprising that a new Pope should turn atheist! But why dispute such claptrap? Lash should go back to such subjects as Eleanor Roosevelt, about whom he has written an excellent biography. At least she phrased the same emotional approach to the Constitution with charm:

> In 1940 Eleanor Roosevelt, in her impulsive way, declared in the face of the Justice's learning and dialectical skill that there was something wrong with a ruling that forced little children to salute a flag when such a ceremony was repugnant to their conscience. Perhaps it was a tribute to a moral innocence and courage that enabled Eleanor Roosevelt to see through the structure of law and politics to the purposes they served, that caused Frankfurter, sick, crippled, and near death, to utter those strangely moving words: "Dear Eleanor, your life was full of beauty and achievement. In the words of Milton, there should be no tears, no wailing, for your life was not wasted. You were a vital part of Franklin's life, and he was a vital part of my life, and when you died, part of me died with you."

It seems hard that the distinguished dead cannot defend themselves. If there be another life, I hope that Felix Frankfurter will have his chance to make mincemeat of Joseph Lash in a course at Harvard Law. □

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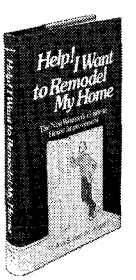

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Romantic Renegade

George Sand: A Biography
by Curtis Cate
Houghton Mifflin, 864 pp., $15

Reviewed by Eleanor Perényi

Why George Sand? André Maurois's biography of 20 years ago opened with that question, and Curtis Cate repeats it in the preface to his new one. The choice of Sand, it seems, needs justification. To begin with, her literary reputation is in a bad way. Even in France it isn't enough that Flaubert addressed her as "my dear master," or that Proust, who was reared on her rustic novels, like *François le Champi*, obstinately praised her prose—"ever redolent of goodness of heart and moral distinction." Nor can Henry James, intoxicated by her "odor of the hawthorn and the wild honeysuckle," rescue her from Anglo-Saxon neglect. Perhaps the Russians still read her for her social consciousness. Dostoevski says that "during the 1840s George Sand's glory was so high and the faith in her genius so great that we, her contemporaries, all expected of her . . . something immense and unheard of . . . definitive solutions." Those solutions, we know, weren't forthcoming, but Russians are tenacious in their love for works long outmoded in the West, and they may yet cling to Sand as they do to Ethel Voynitch and John Buchan. But for most people, Sand is a dead writer in the saddest sense of the word: her 60-odd novels, two dozen plays, countless essays, autobiography, journal, and letters—enough to fill an expected 25 volumes when the Lubin edition is at last complete—are all consigned to the stacks where scholars roam. It is true that feminists are beginning to claim her for one of their own. But there is little to show that they are studying, say, the *Lettres à Marcie* to prove their point.

Sand herself, on the other hand, could stand as a horrible example of overexposure. We see her as the heroine of the trashy movie with the Chopin soundtrack. Her trousers, her cigars, her love affairs, belong to the shady side of nineteenth-century social history. This is partly her own fault. Anyone who imagines that the uses of personal publicity are a modern invention should study the techniques employed by the French Romantics who were Sand's masters. Eccentric clothing and unconventional behavior were the least of it. Most of them were writers, after all; their real weapon was literature. When Balzac spoke of "the tribe of authors ready to have their entrails pulped to paper so they can print the secrets of their lives on it," he had in mind Sand's circle of friends and lovers. There, every intricately plotted liaison spawned its consequent novel, play, pamphlet—thinly disguised fictions that anyone not buried beyond recall in the provinces could, and did, penetrate.

SAND WAS, of course, not only a novelist. She virtually invented a kind of intimate journalism, at its best in *Lettres d'un voyageur*. As the title implies, many of these "letters" are travel pieces; but in a larger sense they describe her life—the society she lived in, the people she knew, and the ideas they discussed, along with her own meditations on every

conceivable subject. Readers of these pieces (which were serialized and enormously popular) had the feeling that they knew Sand very well indeed. The publication of *Histoire de ma vie* completed the process of self-revelation. Its evasions and inaccuracies are not the point here: no woman had yet put her cards on the table with such apparent candor. The effect was tremendous. Sand in her lifetime was a famous personality as few women writers have been before or since. Her clothes, her lovers, her advanced political opinions, were as talked about in Moscow as in Paris, where in time she turned into a kind of national monument, a sight to be seen by literate foreigners. Even that pussycat Elizabeth Barrett Browning desired to gaze on the lioness, "that wonderful woman George Sand, who has something monstrous in combination with her genius . . . but whom, with her good and evil together, I regard with infinitely more admiration than all other women of genius."

The monstrosity of the French Romantics was something of a cliché among Victorian artists like the Brownings. Today, we would rather charge the Hugos and the Balzacs and Sand herself with an overemphasis on feeling and the lack of style which that implies: "We look upon ourselves as the accurst of destiny, as fallen angels," wrote Jules Sandeau (one of Sand's lovers), "when heaven knows we are only men deceived in love, of whom the world is full." Excess was the hallmark of these "fallen angels." Cate comments on Sand's constant use of words like *chagrin* and *mal* in her letters, but the men were just as guilty. In their lives—as, generally speaking, in their art—form was at the service of emotional content. This can grow wearisome. And because, as Sandeau observed, they weren't angels or devils, but human beings, it also induces skepticism. Too often we watch these idealists of the heart betray their own standards—preaching the "religion of art" while turning out best-sellers, singing hymns to liberty and *le peuple*, only to rush ignominiously for cover when revolutions threaten.

These faults leap to the eye but shouldn't blind it. Berlioz is not a lesser composer because he lost his nerve in 1848, nor does Balzac's incurable silliness in personal matters diminish the *Comédie humaine*. Few critics indeed would argue otherwise—when the subject is a man. With women it has been different. With them, conduct—especially sexual conduct—becomes an issue. Thus Sand could never escape being judged on moral grounds. Nobody minded that Victor Hugo was a stallion, except his wife. Sand's quota of lovers, modest by masculine standards (Cate estimates it at less than 20, all told), has repeatedly exposed her to the charge that such a woman is unworthy to be considered a serious artist. Nor did this kind of criticism go to the grave with Queen Victoria. Only the jargon has changed. See Anthony West's essay on Sand, published two years ago in *Mortal Wounds*, and his use of "behavioral studies" to bolster the same old argument.

Cate's biography avoids these pitfalls.

Eleanor Perényi is the author of Liszt: The Artist as Romantic Hero.

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He likes—and, perhaps more important, respects—his subject. He has done her the courtesy of careful research. (I am personally horrified to learn that André Maurois, the Musée Carnavalet, the Viollet Archive, and I are all mistaken about a supposed Delacroix drawing of Sand, recently reproduced as such in a book of my own. According to Cate, it isn't a Delacroix and it isn't a portrait of Sand. He must be correct, but not knowing his authority I must still object to the proposition that it may be of Sand's son. Top hat and cravat notwithstanding, the subject doesn't look like a man.) Newcomers to the Sand story will do well to begin with this book, in which they will learn most of the fascinating details.

MOST, but for some reason not all. Cate tells us that "an objective, detailed, and step-by-step account of George Sand's relations with Chopin" has yet to be written; I can't help wondering why he didn't write it instead of turning his plow to ground that has been gone over so often before. Factually speaking, we know enough about Sand from various writers to be ready for something new —either fresh material or, better still, an unfamiliar approach.

Maurois's answer to the question "Why Sand?" was an enthusiastic declaration in her favor. He was ready to assert her literary importance, if not to prove it satisfactorily, and he could claim access to documents shedding new light on her youth. In the old-fashioned sense, he wanted to clear her name. His *Lélia* is marred by a certain Gallic sentimentality, and it isn't always accurate. But I suspect that it won't be superseded by Cate's oddly uncommitted book. Too much partisanship may be as bad a fault as its opposite, but I am troubled not to know, at the end of more than 700 pages, what it was that attracted a biographer to his subject.

Certainly Cate isn't out to vindicate Sand as novelist. "Difficult to digest," "implausible," "insufferably didactic" are some of his pejoratives. He has a good word for her chronicles of provincial life but appends a baffling qualification. They are, he says, of limited appeal because they were written "for readers who can derive enjoyment from a work like Turgenev's *A Huntsman's Notes*." This throws the whole critical apparatus out of gear. What are Cate's standards? I am no more enlightened when he tells me that Sand's *Lettres d'un voyageur* on Venetian life has "a verve and insight that no other woman writer, not even Mary McCarthy, has even managed to rival." The fact that both are women writing about Venice is surely the slenderest of threads on which to hang a comparison, and there is no other. McCarthy and Sand have nothing in common, either in content or in style.

The trouble perhaps is that Cate just isn't much interested in what makes an artist. The Romantic movement gets fairly short shrift here. Even the rampaging personalities that peopled it are depicted flatly and too often in clichés. (Liszt, for example, is for the thousandth time described as "being for the piano what Paganini was for the violin.") Cate does better with the Saint-Simonists and their influence on Sand's feminism—making, I think, a fairly convincing case for his contention that were she alive today, she would "regard the militant crusaders of Women's Liberation as mentally depraved." It is true that her feminism was of another order, with a broader base. "Women cry out against slavery," she wrote. "Let them wait till man is free, for slavery cannot engender liberty." And it is true, too, that she rejoiced in feminine roles: mother, housekeeper, hostess. Yet she was altogether a fiercer creature than Cate makes her out to be. She did overwhelm most of the men in her life and scared off others. Her energy, her talent, and her generosity were prodigious, but none of those qualities make her resemble, as Cate has it in another of his weird comparisons, Teresa of Avila. Nor was she, as he also says, "timeless." On the contrary, she was vividly of her time and place—could only have existed, I imagine, in nineteenth-century France, where revolutions were born. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 53
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 59.

She often used to — — — —
some crippling ache
Or clutch her throat and force a
phlegmy cough
When there were floors to wax or
— — — — to bake
Or slops or — — — — to carry
to the trough. A. S.

New Books

Cockpit

by Jerzy Kosinski
Houghton Mifflin, 248 pp., $8.95

Reminiscent in many ways of *Steps* and *The Painted Bird*, this relentlessly cold-blooded novel relates in phantasmagoric fashion the career of a former "secret agent" named Tarden. Now a fugitive, he moves through the novel's landscape like a malevolent presence, everywhere disrupting, manipulating, and savaging the lives upon which he inflicts himself.

The brutal power of Kosinski's writing derives in large part from the pure genius of his plotting: every incident in *Cockpit*, whether it lasts 2 pages or 10, has action and tension sufficient to fuel an independent novel. This is a book that one devours out of a curiosity to know what could possibly come next. Still, what has it all to do with reality—how true is it to the world that matters?

In an attempt, perhaps, to authenticate his own bizarre renderings, Kosinski includes—as a kind of afterword—the passage from *The Possessed* in which Tihon reads Stavrogin's confession and remarks that "people will purposely refuse to understand it, for such unconventional acts are feared; they arouse alarm, . . . for the world loves its abomination and does not wish to see it threatened. . . ." One can see, of course, what Kosinski is trying to accomplish with this allusion, but his attempt to plug into Dostoevski's moral universe is simply not supported by the goings-on in *Cockpit*. Reality may indeed be strange and terrible, but it is so in ways far more subtle and lifelike than Kosinski's brilliant tricksterism reveals to us.

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

•

Looking on Darkness

by André Brink
Morrow, 399 pp., $8.95

Ambitious and disturbing, this anatomy of racist South African society by one of its most prominent writers was banned immediately upon publication in that country. Approaching the stature of tragedy, the novel records the ordeal of Joseph Malan, a Colored actor who is forced to choose either the desolation

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Asian Neutralism and U.S. Policy
by Sheldon Simon

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of exile or oppression and destruction at the hands of the white establishment. In a book that frequently achieves, in scenes of cruelty, torture, and degradation, an unbearable intensity, Mr. Brink maintains steady control of his plot's several threads, which add up to a faceted exploration of the spiritual and cultural trauma that is the legacy of apartheid. Given the essential integrity of Mr. Brink's enterprise, one notes only with reluctance those passages, neither negligible nor infrequent, that run by turns to tendentiousness, affectation, and melodrama. Still, a passionately human vision rules here, informed by an imagination that is attuned at once to complex and important abstractions and to the rhythms and the texture of everyday experience. Altogether, a memorable and consistently serious novel.

J.L.C.

•

The Fight

by Norman Mailer
Little, Brown, 239 pp., $7.95

An admirable entertainment and the best writing from Mailer in a long time. The occasion of the Ali-Foreman fight appears to have opened up in him some long-untouched reserve of clarity and ease. A quiet work despite its subject, this book recalls one to a sense of how delicate an ironist, and how serious a reporter, Mailer is. Here, in part perhaps because the object of his reportage is not overwhelmingly significant, Mailer is wonderfully free of internal fugues and of the afflictions of the chronic zest one has come to know all too well in his writing these past years. Not that he is less a presence here than he has ever been in his coverage of events, but simply that the presence is available and full of nerve endings—vitality without a high. In addition to the portraits of the Ali-Foreman camps, there are brief, cutting discourses on Mobutu and even on Zaïre—all proof, like his report on the fight itself, of how rich a mine Mailer works at his leanest.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

•

The Alice Crimmins Case

by Kenneth Gross
Knopf, 320 pp., $8.95

There is something ugly in the attitude Mr. Gross expresses here toward the lives and values of ordinary people. He portrays Alice Crimmins (the Queens, N.Y., mother convicted of murdering her two small children in the summer of 1965) as the victim of the rigid morality of her neighbors—whom, in turn, Mr. Gross renders as a constituency of the benighted. These middle-class inhabitants of Mrs. Crimmins's neighborhood in Kew Gardens are, according to Mr. Gross, emotionally and sexually impoverished—doomed to a narrow and pinched existence. The clear, if not altogether conscious, premise here is that ambition for such people as these is hopeless: what can they—with their weekly trips to the beauty parlor and their cramped little garden apartments—ever know of grace or bounty in life? It is in terms of this cheap social vision that Mr. Gross makes part of his case for Alice Crimmins's innocence, the other part being that, as a woman known to have had many lovers, she was victimized by moralistic detectives and ambitious district attorneys. Here Mr. Gross, a *New York Post* reporter, makes a most convincing argument. It is a work by turns shoddy and valuable, to which one is never indifferent.

D.R.

•

The Lonely Hunter: A Biography of Carson McCullers

by Virginia Spencer Carr
Doubleday, 624 pp., $12.50

An overlong work, but an inordinately interesting one, nonetheless, for its dogged, season-by-season account of a complicated life and career. Furthermore, despite Mrs. Carr's attitude of respectfulness, it is not an appetizing view of Carson McCullers that emerges from this accounting. A great many people in the literary and theatrical world seem to have made themselves available for comment on the subject of Carson McCullers, and a fair number of them express distaste for the southern writer whose blithe, unshakable eccentricity made it impossible for her to attend to any conversation that did not revolve around her or her work. To be sure, Mrs. Carr records other views of Carson McCullers, the most trenchant and touching of them from Tennessee Williams, McCullers's friend of many years. Despite a tendency toward journalistic excursions such as these years-later reminiscences about McCullers from the mouths of the famous, Mrs. Carr's is otherwise a sober, highly literate biography, as absorbing in its detail about the writer's draining, single-minded life as a working novelist as in its darker psychological concerns.

D.R.

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Cheap?

Charging $7.95 for a book of poetry titled *Cheap* seems a bit odd, but that's what Harcourt Brace Jovanovich has done with Ruth Stone's third book, coming up on September 5. She's a fine, mature poet who has never received the recognition she deserves. Although she lives in rural Vermont, her poems are spread out all over the country: California, Illinois, the prairies. Here's a poem of no particular location, "Vegetables 1":

In the vegetable department
The eggplants lay in bruised disorder;
Gleaming, almost black,
Their skins oiled and bitter;
A mutilated stem twisting
From each swollen purple body
Where it had hung pendulous
From the parent.
They were almost the size
Of human heads, decapitated.
A fingernail tearing the skin
Disclosed pith, green white,
Utterly drained of blood.
Inside each skull, pulp;
Close packed, dry and coarse.
As though the fontanels
Had ossified too soon.
Some of these seemed to be smiling
In a shy embarrassed manner,
Jostling among themselves.

Romantic

I've read all seven of Robert Rushmore's books, raved about some, and admired them all. His newest is—and I hesitate to use the phrase—a romantic novel, *If My Love Leaves Me* (Bobbs-Merrill, August 29, $8.95). It comes accompanied by cheers from James Dickey, who calls it Rushmore's best book and states that "for involuted and strange power Robert Rushmore's work has no peers." The book is so tightly knit that I find it difficult to extract a quote, but the first paragraph will give you some idea of the quality:

Late on a winter afternoon in 1953 Sarah McCauley got off the boat from Ireland and went up and rang Mrs. Palen's doorbell. She was a tall, gaunt Irishwoman with the gleaming eyes and taut lips of a zealot, and when Mrs. Palen saw her standing on the threshold she went white, though she asked Sarah in with a social enthusiasm she had practiced all her life. Seated in the dark, stiffly arranged living room, Sarah gave her fur piece a twitch and, in a voice so cool it seemed as if she had always sat in Mrs. Palen's Duncan Phyfe chair instead of dusting and polishing it, said, "Well now, nothing has changed much, has it, Mrs. Palen?"

The book is made up of a series of adroitly handled flashbacks, and sufficient to say that it concerns a young woman's search for her husband, who either was or was not killed when his plane was shot down over France in World War II.

Roman à Clef?

The publishers are making a big push for Hollywood screenwriter Jay Presson Allen's first novel, *Just Tell Me What You Want* (Dutton, August); so being an obliging chap, I read it. Not bad. Miss Allen (who wrote the play *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and filmscripts for *Cabaret* and *Funny Lady*) has a jaunty style and a pleasant wit. I suspect the novel of being a *roman à clef*, but I didn't recognize a soul among the big-time moneymakers, Hollywood types, TV producers, and book publishers. Has to do with Max Herschel, a dynamo of a man who seduces young ladies and then gets his kicks by helping them to "better" themselves. The author, always searching for the clever phrase, sometimes overreaches: speaking of an early Philip Johnson country house, "There were no neighbors of a geographical level with Michael Berger, so there were no eyes to throw stony looks at his glass walls." Too much.

My Alley

The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes (Oxford University Press, just out, $15) is exactly up my alley. Editor James Sutherland doesn't think an *anecdote* is necessarily a joke but takes the *OED* definition: ". . . the narrative of a detached incident . . . told as being in itself interesting or striking." Four hundred and eighty-four anecdotes, from Caedmon to Dylan Thomas, some familiar ("Scribble, scribble, scribble! Eh! Mr. Gibbon?"), some new to me. There's Dr. Johnson taking a roll down a grassy hill just for the hell of it, Blake's last hours, Wordsworth's idea of a humorous saying, an amazing story about Rossetti's wife, and this beauty about Benjamin Jowett, which I'd heard before but hadn't hung on to:

PROFESSOR JOWETT . . . is one of the lions of Oxford. That town is subjected to constant inroads of tourists, all of whom crave a sight of the famous professor. It so happened, while he was engaged on his translation of Plato, that a guide discovered the professor's study-window looked into the Broad Street. Coming with his menagerie under the window, the guide would begin: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is Balliol College, one of the very holdest in the huniversity, and famous for the herudition of its scholars. The 'ead of Balliol College is called the Master. The present Master of Balliol is the celebrated Professor Benjamin Jowett, Regius Professor of Greek. Those are Professor Jowett's study-windows, and there" (here the ruffian would stoop down, take up a handful of gravel and throw it against the panes, bringing poor Jowett, livid with fury, to the window) "ladies and gentlemen, is Professor Benjamin Jowett himself."

And here's the daughter of literary scholar F. S. Boas, reminiscing about him:

My father was a man of great dignity, wisdom, charm, and friendliness. His literary industry was prodigious, yet he wore his scholarship lightly. . . . "I never knew such a reader," said my mother. "When the conductor gives him his ticket in the tram, he turns it over and reads the back."

That last reminds me of me. □

"Hey, aardvark before armadillo!"

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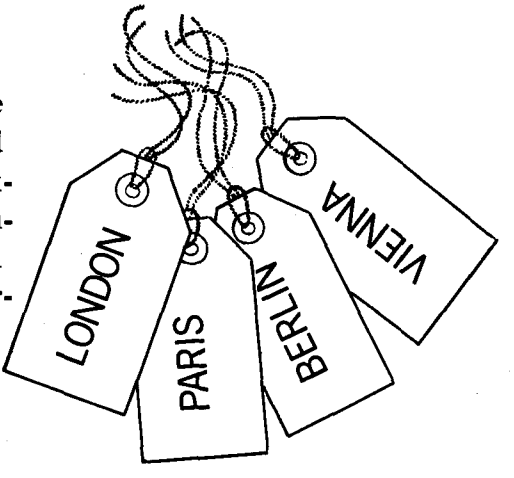

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Attention Ballet Lovers!

We have scheduled two one-week visits to Russia, each accompanied by Saturday Review's distinguished dance critic Walter Terry. These tours will not only include performances at the Bolshoi and Kirov Theaters, but will also feature once-in-a-lifetime visits to the famed Russian ballet schools and meetings with leading dancers and choreographers.

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artsletter

Prepared in cooperation with the National Society of Literature and the Arts.

MULLING THE MUSEUMS. An inquiring look into the workings and the policies of American museums is being conducted by Karl E. Meyer with grant and mandate from the Twentieth Century Fund. Meyer, author of two books about archeology and an experienced reporter (during the Sixties he served as London bureau chief for the Washington Post), has a brief to investigate the acquisition and exhibition policies of museums, their management and administration, their community relationships, and their finances. His findings will be published next year. Meyer says that the survey not only will give a behind-the-scenes report on just how museums function but also will make recommendations for public policy vis-à-vis the nation's institutions of fine arts.

The study comes at a propitious moment. Museums are heading off in new and controversial directions. Throughout the country emphasis is shifting from acquisition and scholarly exhibition to education and glamour shows--broadly speaking, from an elitist museum to a populist museum. This is not surprising in view of the fact that museums are growing increasingly dependent on the public purse--and hence increasingly receptive to demands that they perform a broad public service. But public funding can be a chancy thing. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York--perhaps the leading exemplar of the populist approach--has recently fallen victim to the city's financial shortfall. Budgetary cutbacks have reduced the museum's security force by 20 percent. As a result, the Metropolitan is now closed to the public two days a week--Mondays and Tuesdays.

CROCK OF GOLD. Book publishing sometimes resembles follow-the-leader. A book on shoes or ships or sealing wax is successful, and along comes a parade of other books on shoes, ships, and sealing wax. Take Crockery Cookery. Last February a small Tucson publisher, H. P. Books, published a book on slow, unattended, electrically controlled pot cooking, written by Mable Hoffman. To everybody's amazement it took off like a champagne cork and has now racked up 400,000 copies in two large-format editions at $6.95 and $4.95, a fact not unnoticed by paperbound reprinters. After spirited bidding Bantam Books acquired the rights to put out a small-format, mass-market edition at $1.95. But note that also coming out this month is Crockery Cookbook by Marie Roberson Hamm (Gold Medal, $1.75) and Crockery Cooking by Paula Franklin (Pocket Books, $1.75). Such paucity of inspiration in titling led a lunchful of book editors to ask: why not Take Your Thyme? Or Crock Pot Cooking or even The Crocked Gourmet?

NOT SO QUIET DON. Soviet literary circles are marking novelist Mikhail Sholokhov's seventieth birthday this year with conferences, published articles, and a festival of arts and literature, all to honor the author awarded a Nobel Prize in 1965. An essay by Soviet historian Roy Medvedev, however, is hardly part of the official scheme--and, in fact, is typewritten and distributed by hand. It accuses Sholokhov of plagiarizing, at least in part, the most honored piece of post-revolutionary Soviet fiction, And Quiet Flows the Don.

Medvedev begins by saying that Sholokhov's other published work has shown neither the literary capabilities nor the political sensitivities displayed in The Quiet Don, as the book is known in the U.S.S.R. But if Sholokhov isn't the author, who is? Medvedev's candidate is Fyodor Dmitrievich Krukhov, a much-acclaimed author before his death in 1920. Krukhov, Medvedev argues, had both the background and the beliefs to have written the meat of the novel. TQD is written from a Cossack viewpoint ; Krukhov--a Cossack himself--wrote more than 100 short stories, essays, and novels about the life of the Don River region. Krukhov also fought in the Don Cossack war with the White Forces, a struggle TQD

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describes in detail. To clinch the argument, Medvedev points out that Krukhov kept a detailed diary of the war, wrote on-the-scene articles, and died, leaving an unfinished "Cossack novel," which reportedly disappeared. Sholokhov, on the other hand, lived among Cossacks but was not one of them. He was 14 at the time of the war, and he later sided with the Reds. In The Don Stories, which Sholokhov wrote only a year prior to TQD, he called the Cossacks "cruel and malicious."

Medvedev is amenable to the suggestion that Sholokhov did indeed finish the work and that he even improved it by balancing some of Krukhov's views. But the historian concludes that Krukhov wrote most of the first volume of TQD, about half of the third, and the beginning of the fourth and last.

LEAPS AND BOUNDS. The nation's interest in dance has been swiftly increasing during the last decade--despite the fact that funding for the art has not kept in step. According to figures cited at the recent conference of the Association of American Dance Companies, annual American dance attendance rose from 1 million during the 1964-65 season to 12 million during 1973-74. Still on the rise, attendance is expected to double in the next three years.

This phenomenal new number of balletomanes is an outgrowth, as well as a result, of a rise in the number of American dance companies. A decade ago there were only three companies outside New York City that had professional contracts with dancers; today, more than 50 such companies operate outside New York City. Choreographers, once clustered in Europe, are now hard to find abroad; yet New York City alone boasts a dozen major choreographers, including such luminaries as Merce Cunningham, Antony Tudor, Martha Graham, Eliot Feld, George Balanchine, Agnes de Mille, and Jerome Robbins.

Despite America's dazzling new array of dancers, choreographers, and balletomanes, companies are "struggling like crazy" to find funds, says AADC president Adam Pinsker. Although the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council for the Arts have been generous, only two foundations --Rockefeller and Ford--out of the top 20 have made substantial donations to dance companies. Moreover, the Business Committee for the Arts recently released a listing showing allocation of corporate support for the arts, and dance literally bottomed out in last place, although companies have received indirect benefit from corporation support of dance programs on public television. Meanwhile, the National Ballet in Washington collapsed last year, and virtually every professional company is in financial straits.

The burden, apparently, is being borne by the dancers themselves. Their salaries are lower across the board than those of many other performing artists, particularly musicians. (The total expenditures of all American dance companies during 1972 came to $25 million; that year expenses of the Metropolitan Opera alone totaled $2.2 million.) The newfound attention is surely heartening to American dancers, but, says one entrepreneur, the kindness may be killing them.

COMING UP. An hour-long program derived from NSLA's symposium on "The Survival of Opera in America" (Artsletter, May 17) will be made available to the 179-station network of National Public Radio at the end of August. The program is part of NPR's regular "Options" series. Check with your local NPR outlet for day and time of the broadcast. Earlier this year Houston Grand Opera revived Scott Joplin's long-forgotten folk opera Treemonisha. Now the work will move to Broadway for a six-week run with the same cast, beginning September 25 . . . The seventy-fifth anniversary of Thomas Wolfe's birth will be observed in his hometown --Asheville, N.C.--from October 2 to 5. Exhibitions, lectures, and panel discussions are on the agenda . . . Another anniversary to be celebrated this fall is that of the Scottish National Orchestra, which was formed 25 years ago. To mark the occasion, the orchestra will be making a first North American tour--17 concerts from November 4 to 23--under the direction of its regular conductor, Alexander Gibson.

ARTSLETTER is prepared in cooperation with the National Society of Literature and the Arts, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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The Formidable Frances B. Johnston

by Margaret R. Weiss

In the recent spate of "all-girl" retrospectives inspired by International Women's Year, there has been much Ms-conceived talk about the *female camera* and the *woman's eye*. Much more to the point is the reminder that by the latter part of the nineteenth century many a hand that rocked the cradle was keeping a firm and purposeful grip on the camera as well.

Among those feminine—and often feminist—pioneers, Frances Benjamin Johnston (1864–1952) is worthy of note, although the three major histories of the medium contain no mention of her work. It was only about 10 years ago that she received some measure of delayed recognition when a fine old album was donated to The Museum of Modern Art's photography collection. After the 159 original platinum prints had been authenticated as Frances Johnston's long photo-essay on the Hampton Institute in Virginia, the museum spotlighted the acquisition in an exhibition and a commemorative monograph, *The Hampton Album*.

In the course of her lengthy career, Miss Johnston wore many hats (all of them large and becoming): portraitist, White House and government photographer, photojournalist, architectural documentarian. Spurning elaborate equipment and seeking the advice of George Eastman on the most efficient methods and materials, she maintained

"The Old Folks at Home."

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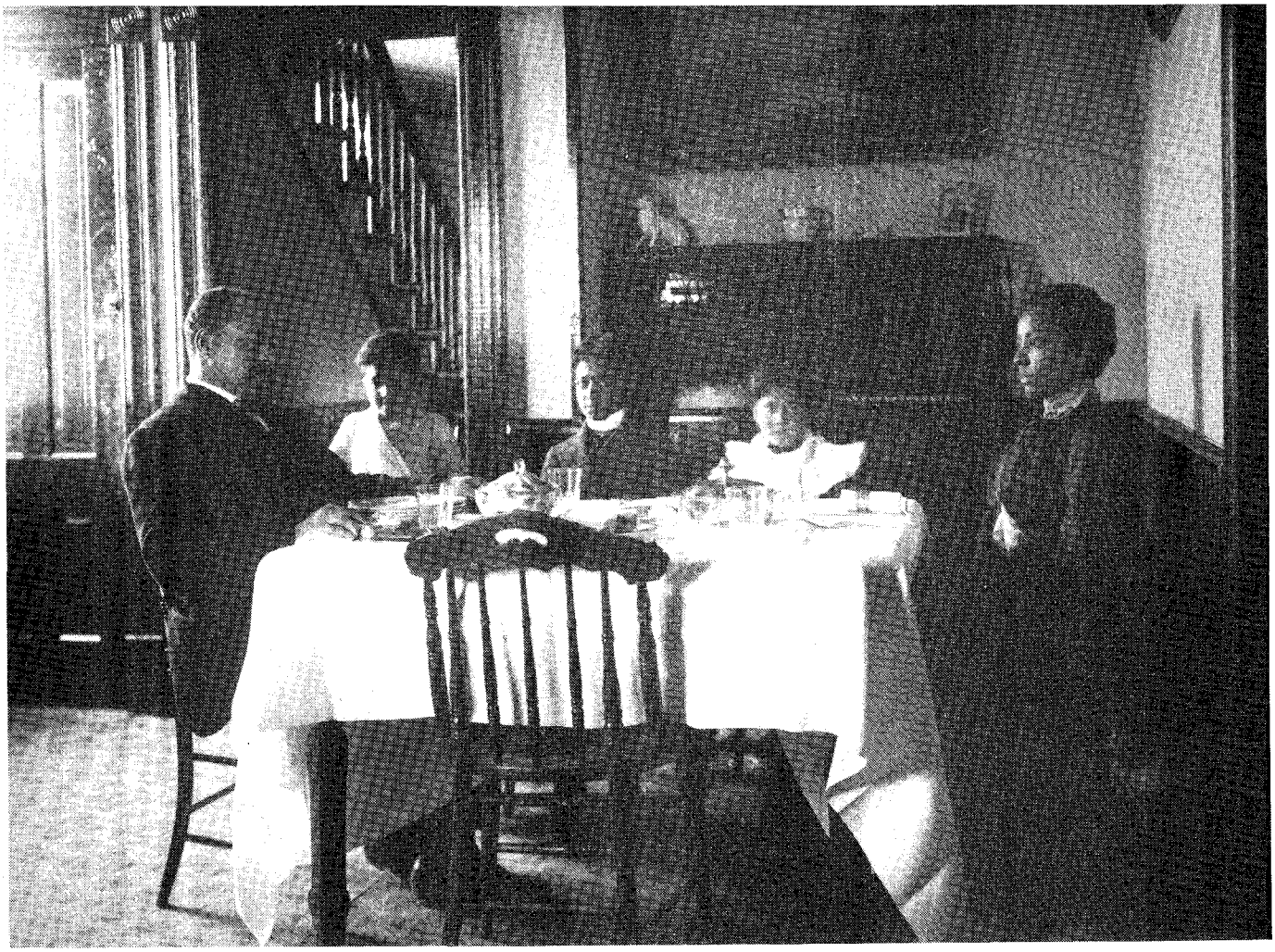
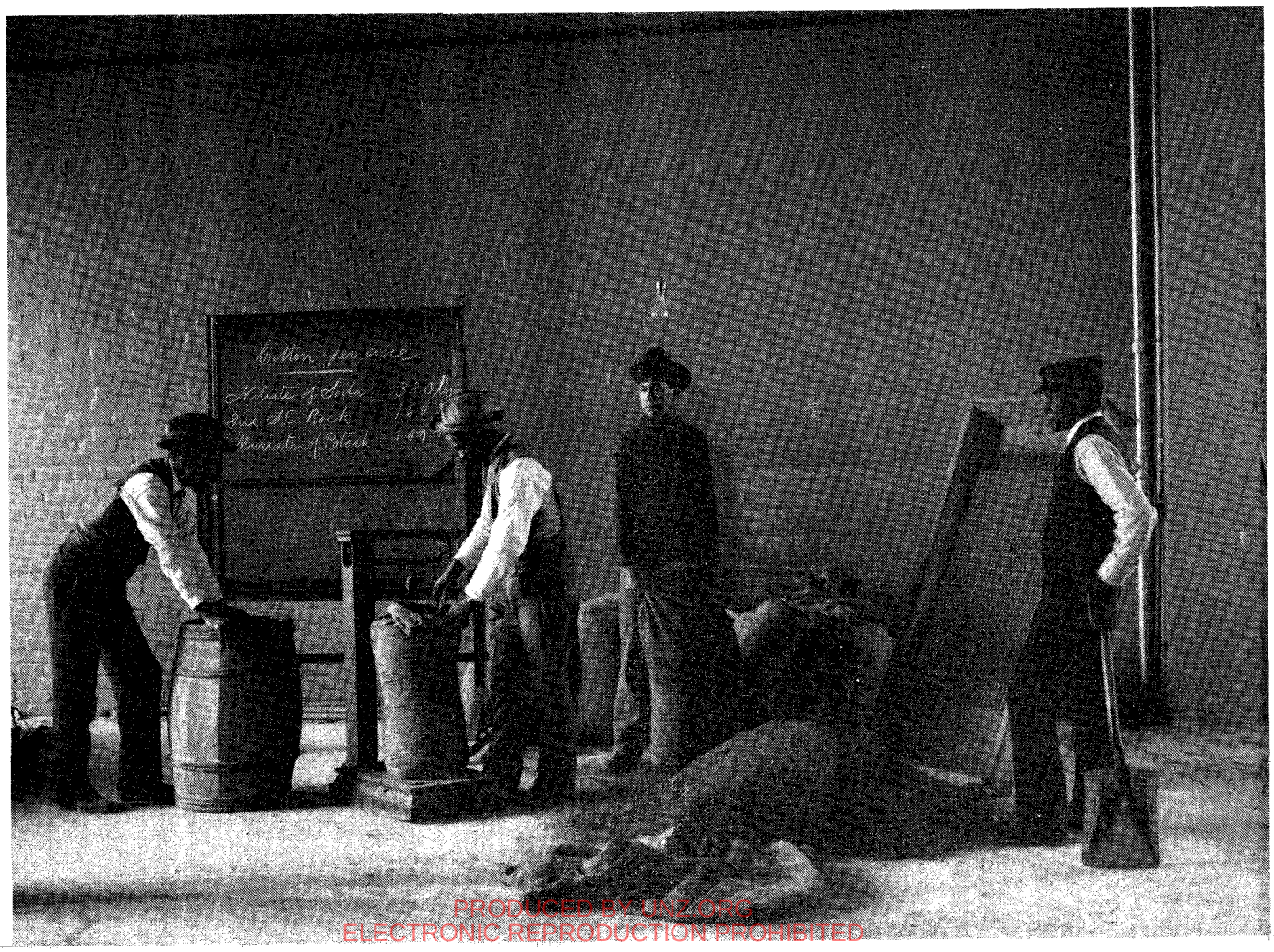


▲ *A Hampton graduate at home.*

Agriculture: Mixing fertilizer. ▼



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a flourishing studio in Washington, D.C. (According to Lincoln Kirstein's descriptive notes in *The Hampton Album*, it was "a typical Bohemian residence . . . complete with tiger rugs, paisley throws, Indian basketry, a plaster Venus de Milo, Parisian posters and oriental bric-a-brac.") It was here that she made portraits of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Mrs. William McKinley, the Theodore Roosevelt family, Cabinet members' wives, and other Capitol Hill notables.

Her superlative craftsmanship, abetted by a talent for making the most of social connections, attracted special assignments from magazines and newspapers. To her energetic, venturesome spirit, on-location shooting was more challenging than studio portraiture, and the picture stories that appeared in print proved her competence as a photo-reporter with an eye for detail.

In 1892 she undertook an investigative camera report on living and working conditions among Pennsylvania coal miners and traveled west to chronicle the step-by-step construction of the Chicago World's Fair. Other assignments followed: in-depth coverage of the Washington school system, West Point, Annapolis, and Tuskegee Institute; documentation of the White House gardens and the U.S. Mint; recording the natural wonders of Niagara and the Mammoth Cave; photographing the daily life of Theodore Roosevelt's children for a *Ladies' Home Journal* feature by Jacob Riis; picturing the interiors and exteriors of palatial estates—the Astor and Vanderbilt mansions, among others.

Commissioned by a news syndicate, she set off for the Bay of Naples to document the last lap of the return voyage of Admiral Dewey and the Great White Fleet after the victory at Manila. Later, accredited as a U.S. government photographer, she covered the signing of the Spanish-American peace protocol. (Her group portrait of the delegates was the inspiration for the official painting commemorating the event.) For the Paris Exposition of 1900 she took on the picture assignment that was to bring her and her subject wide acclaim: the story of Hampton Institute and its vocational training program for black and American Indian students. These pictures were the product of an instinctive photo-essayist; her documentary was both document and commentary, communicating truth as she saw it—from a distinctly editorial point of view.

Discussing the Johnston approach in this classic work, John Szarkowski of The Museum of Modern Art noted: "She was a drill sergeant among photographers. In her photographs no head or hand moves during the long exposures; no undisciplined individualist clowns for the camera; no property, no matter how interesting in itself, is allowed to violate the taut, flat planes of her compositions. . . . Her carefully constructed tableaux might easily have seemed ludicrously false, except that she made them so marvelously well. She ordered life to assume a pose that conformed to her own standards." And he concluded: "That she made this odd procedure work so well does not necessarily prove the validity of the standards—except for her own purposes—but it demonstrates beyond doubt that she was a formidable artist."

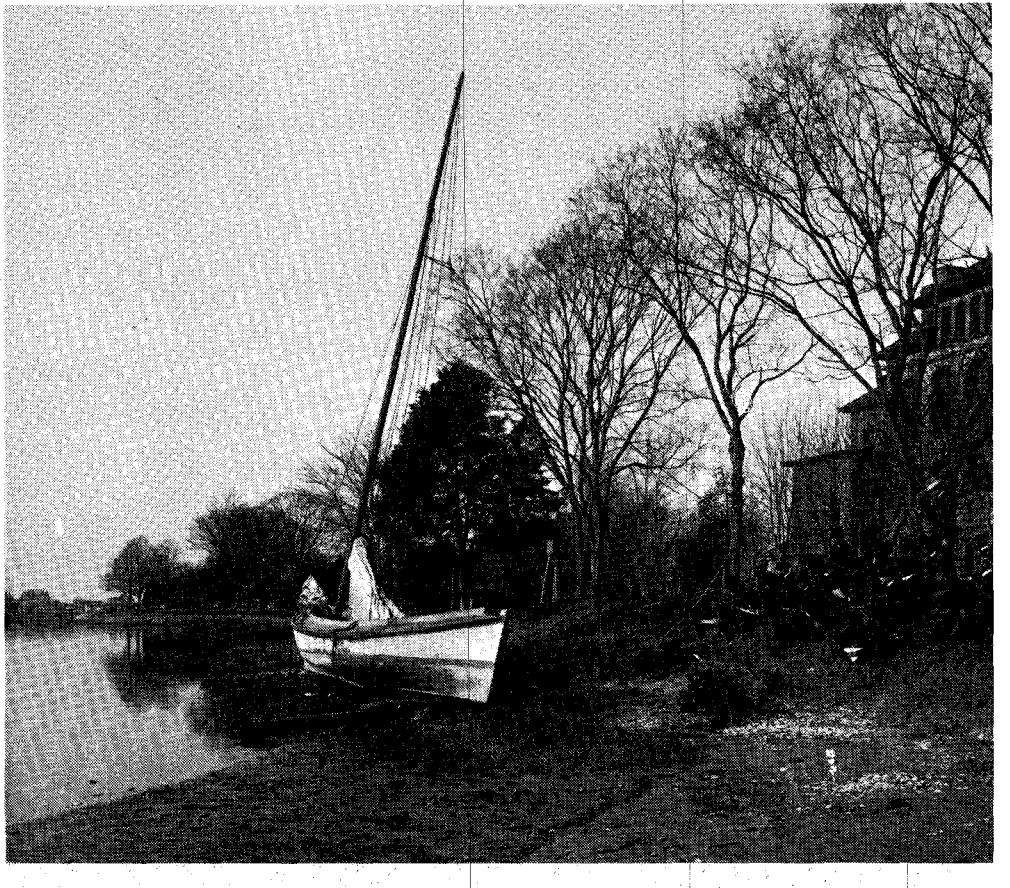
Never one to let social or physical barriers interfere with her camera mission, the "formidable artist" one night during World War I found herself in jail for having photographed a bridge site that was off limits to the lens. In her later years she was no less determined in her efforts to preserve on film the vanishing landmarks of historic American architecture.

Besides receiving the Grand Prix at the Paris Exposition and an honorary membership in the American Institute of Architects, she earned the title of "Photographer to the U.S. Government" as well as the unofficial one of "Photographer to the American Court." During International Women's Year it might be appropriate to propose still another title: "mother of photojournalism." (If this suggestion does nothing else, it may at least temporarily disarm the half-dozen extant "fathers of photojournalism" whose claims to priority are leaving future historians with a confused paternity case on their hands.)

Working on assignment for leading magazines and periodicals of the 1890s, Frances B. Johnston would qualify as a pioneer among photojournalists. Certainly, she would have had no difficulty in matching the attributes that *Life* editors looked for in present-day practitioners of picture journalism: "an instinctive eye for narrative; a taste for adventure; patience and persistence to stay with a single assignment for months if necessary; the ability to elbow one's way through all kinds of restrictions and into situations where one is not always wanted; the capacity for understanding people and a talent for portraying them." □

Photographs and captions from F. B. Johnston's *Hampton Album, 1899–1900*

A sketch class at work.



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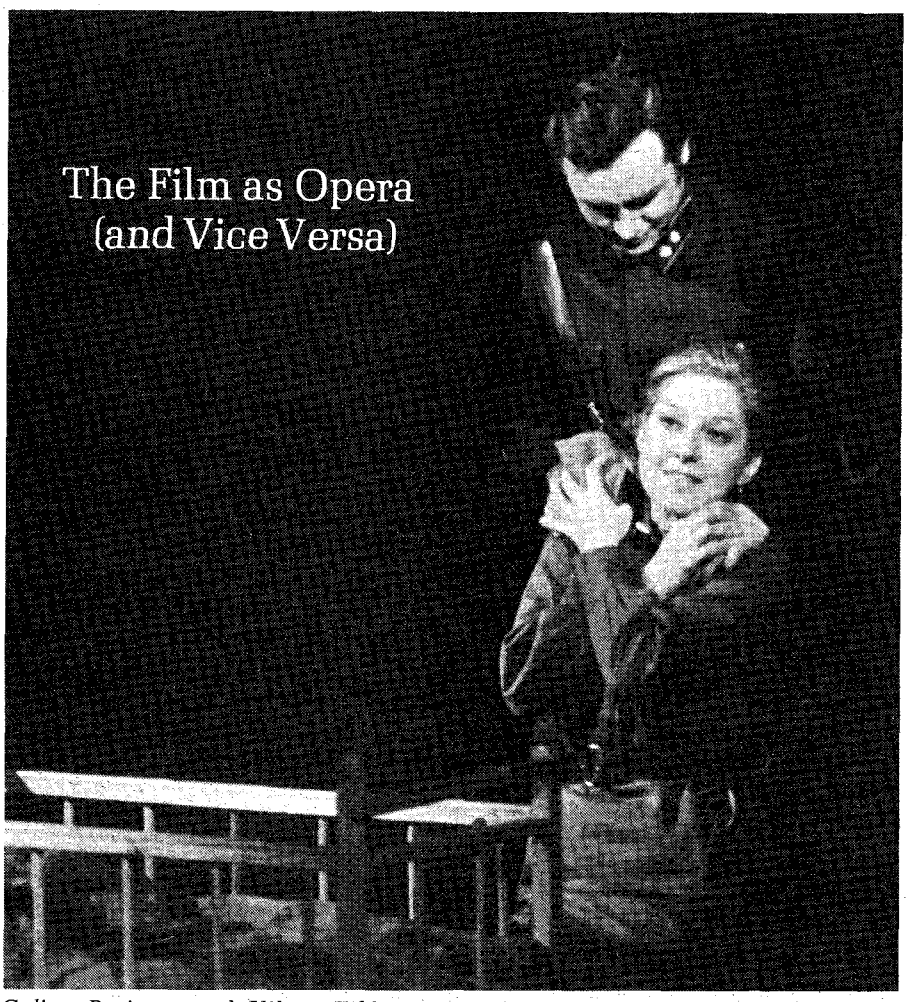
Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

The Film as Opera (and Vice Versa)



Galina Borisova and Viktor Tikhonov in The Dawns Are Quiet Here*—"More movie devices . . . than persuasive music to suggest danger and eventual tragedy."*

In the aftermath of New York's longest, most varied opera season in memory, one particular, non-musical impression lingers. If a new strain of opera—historically an esthetic hybrid—is to develop, it is more likely to come from a crossbreeding with cinema than from any other source. Benjamin Britten's *Death in Venice* pointed to this fact in one way; Kiril Molchanov's *The Dawns Are Quiet Here*, in another. A new conception of Erich Wolfgang Korngold's *Die Tote Stadt* suggested that the revitalization might even be accomplished retroactively.

Molchanov's work was introduced by the Bolshoi Opera, of which he is director general, during its recent visit to the Metropolitan Opera. It is cinematic in many of its procedures for the good reason that it is an expansion—for the broader dimensions of the Bolshoi Opera, where it recently had its premiere—of a score created for a film version of Boris Vasiliev's short story/play *Ah the Dawn Is Quiet Here*. It celebrates with simple, homely exaggeration the heroic conduct of a Soviet garrison that is near the Finnish border and engages the Germans at a particularly sensitive railroad junction in 1942. There is nothing uncommon in this, save that the garrison (with the exception of its commanding officer) is female, and each of the girls happens to have a voice of Bolshoi Opera potential.

The pattern is far from unfamiliar. The beginning and ending—with a peaceful, post-war area that frames a scene of wartime sacrifice—have their prototype as far back as *Twelve O'Clock High* (a 1950 film that opened on an English farm scene of a former bomber base). The group of soldiers distinguished, individually, by traits derived from place of birth or civilian occupation is a durable formula, with the customary boy from Brooklyn replaced in *The Dawns Are Quiet Here* by a Jewish girl from Minsk.

What gives *The Dawns Are Quiet Here* its profile and distinction is the opportunities it provides for a top echelon of Bolshoi singers to display a rare order of theatrical art. In shedding their common occupation with queens, countesses, and other nineteenth-century heroines, and assuming—with all the naturalness imaginable—the khaki of civilians become soldiers, they demonstrate a versatility as unusual as it is believable.

The more pity, then, that they didn't have a work of greater substance on which to exercise their artistry. The score by Molchanov, rich in folk-song allusions and some sinuous melodies of his own, belongs to its surroundings (a realistic woodland with a lake shimmering in the distance) as the surroundings belong to it. The girls find barracks life safe, but dull without men—except the ones in their imagination. These recollections are aided by the appearance, on a moving belt from stage rear to stage center, of some of their cherished loved ones, fading in, fading out. The flashbacks give way to a ball scene that suddenly fills the woodland, and other fantasies. When Elena Obraztsova (a Marina in *Boris*) leans her voice into Molchanov's appealing setting of Konstantin Simov's "I'll Come Back Alive," or Galina Borisova (a Sonia in *War and Peace*) applies her vocal power to a reminiscence of her dead soldier husband, the mood is right, the evocation of an atmosphere expertly accomplished, in the manner of an American musical.

But as the enemy closes in, the treatment that sufficed for act 1 begins to wear thin. The performers meet the challenge well: Artur Eizen (a great Varlaam in *Boris*) as the battle-hardened commander, Galina Kalinina (who sings beautifully a vocalise evocative of the forest in which she grew up), Klarla Kadinskaya (a skillful soprano with a fondness for the poems of Alexander Block), in addition to the redoubtable Obraztsova and Borisova. It is Molchanov who finds his dilemma insoluble.

Put simply, it is, Does he drop the tone of naturalism and informality appropriate to act 1 and broaden his scope of expression to meet the more serious situation? Or does he keep the musical-movie tone steady and hope for the best? His choice, and it is a fatal if logical one, is for the second rather than the first. There are more movie devices—flashing

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lights, blackouts, red spotlights—than persuasive music to suggest danger, and eventually tragedy, as the girls are wiped out. If one allows generously for the missing dimension of language—no text, either in English or Russian, was available—the emphasis is still on the visible rather than the audible.

CLEARLY, the question is, Can you borrow film techniques for operatic usage without giving a hostage to the source? My feeling is that it can and will be done—provided that "loan" does not carry with it a prohibitive burden of interest. Britten's score for *Death in Venice* was all of a piece, with film devices and projections utilized as adjuncts rather than primary sources of illusion; *Die Tote Stadt* was a far more absorbing experience with the filmed background of Bruges than it would have been without it; and the Washington Opera Society's filmed settings for Delius's *The Village Romeo and Juliet* gave this beautiful score a place on the stage it never possessed before. Cross-fertilization is always risky. Which element is dominant, which recessive, may depend on the strength of strain invoked. Molchanov's film score remained a film score still, because its original purpose was all too dominant in the adaptation. It was less the medium than the man which was at fault in a conversion that never rose higher than its source.

Certainly the Bolshoi's "road" version of Prokofiev's *War and Peace* shown in New York and Washington would have profited from a creative use of film techniques to hold together what is essentially a series of non-consecutive, if interrelated, episodes. The human resources included people aplenty for the crowd scenes and a responsive range of performers to characterize as well as to vocalize their roles. But the physical aspects of the production were not merely uneven but in some respects contradictory. Several of the early scenes, especially the ball at Prince Yekaterinsky's, were spacious and colorful, but the progress toward the outcome follows a course opposite to Molchanov's *The Dawns Are Quiet Here.* Prokofiev rises to heights of musical eloquence in Kutuzov's soliloquy when he has decided to abandon Moscow to save Russia, but what was seen on the American stages was a brush fire compared with the famous holocaust of the Moscow presentation. Absurdity crept in when a series of huge pillars, moving in and out from either side of the stage to isolate action downstage from that upstage, came into view when Moscow was burning.

Prokofiev's score, which accumulated over a period of years rather than being the product of a single, sustained impulse, has its strong and weak threads. At its best it is inimitably his own, and at its weakest it remains something no one else could have written. With such performers as Yuri Mazurok (Andrei), Makvala Kashrashvili (Natasha), Borisova (Sonia), Obraztsova (Helene Bezukhova), Eizen (Rostov), and Alexander Vedernikov (Kutuzov) in the same cast, and Mark Ermler as conductor, the high points of choral, orchestral, and solo writing were strongly sustained.

What is in order, really, is an infusion of cinematic vitality that would bind together all the best values in *War and Peace.* In other words, not a mere reproduction of the Bolshoi's home production, but a reworking of content to make Tolstoy's characters and the historical happenings of which they are a part, fluid, continuous, uninterrupted. The subject deserves no less. □

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 79

(CRANE) BRINTON:
(THE) ANATOMY OF REVOLUTION

The Germans have a . . . proverb: "The soup is never eaten as hot as it's cooked." But . . . in the crisis period of revolutions there is an effort to force it steaming down the throat of the ordinary citizen. In the long run, he can't stand it, and his cooks learn their lesson and allow it to cool off a bit.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 40

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 59.

EOT EXDLAJT ZUEO PDYE KTDKJT UY EOGE EOTM'XT ZDXCUWI YD OGXN BDX G JURUWI EOTM NDW'E OGRT EUPT ED JURT.

—OTJTW JTBBTX

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Where the Kraut Is as High as an Elephant's Eye

by Horace Sutton

The Côte d'Azur is awash in art, sun, sea, and the bronzed Beautiful People; the Dordogne is a splendor of castles and rivers, all recently embraced by the Paris smart set; Normandy swims in cream and seasoned resorts; and everybody *knows* Provence. But what of Alsace, so improvidently placed on the far eastern border of continental France, convenient only to Basel, the Rhine, Baden-Baden, and a mass of Germany that has twice overrun it in the last 100 years?

Bold pioneer, I set out to plumb the mysteries of that stretch of Rhineland France, boarding the Trans-European Express from Paris the other Sunday for the four-hour run eastward. Having only that noon dined in some splendor in Barbizon, outside Paris (a reassurance, if that was needed, of the artful ways of the Gauls once set loose in the kitchen), I was less than impressed by the dining car hung on TEE 61. It was either *table d'hôte* or nothing; the presence of an à-la-carte menu didn't mean one could order from it. And the full dinner, a sorry procession of courses, cost over seven dollars, coffee extra.

There was no charming hotel at the end of the tunnel, only a Sofitel. It proved comfortable and efficient, and besides, the alternatives were few: a Terminus hotel facing the railroad station and a Holiday Inn. After that, the hotels are mostly without restaurants, a factor that may not be a hardship unless one doesn't mind foraging for breakfast. For other meals, Strasbourg has an enviable assortment of places to eat and, like the rest of Alsace, a culinary bent that is altogether distinctive.

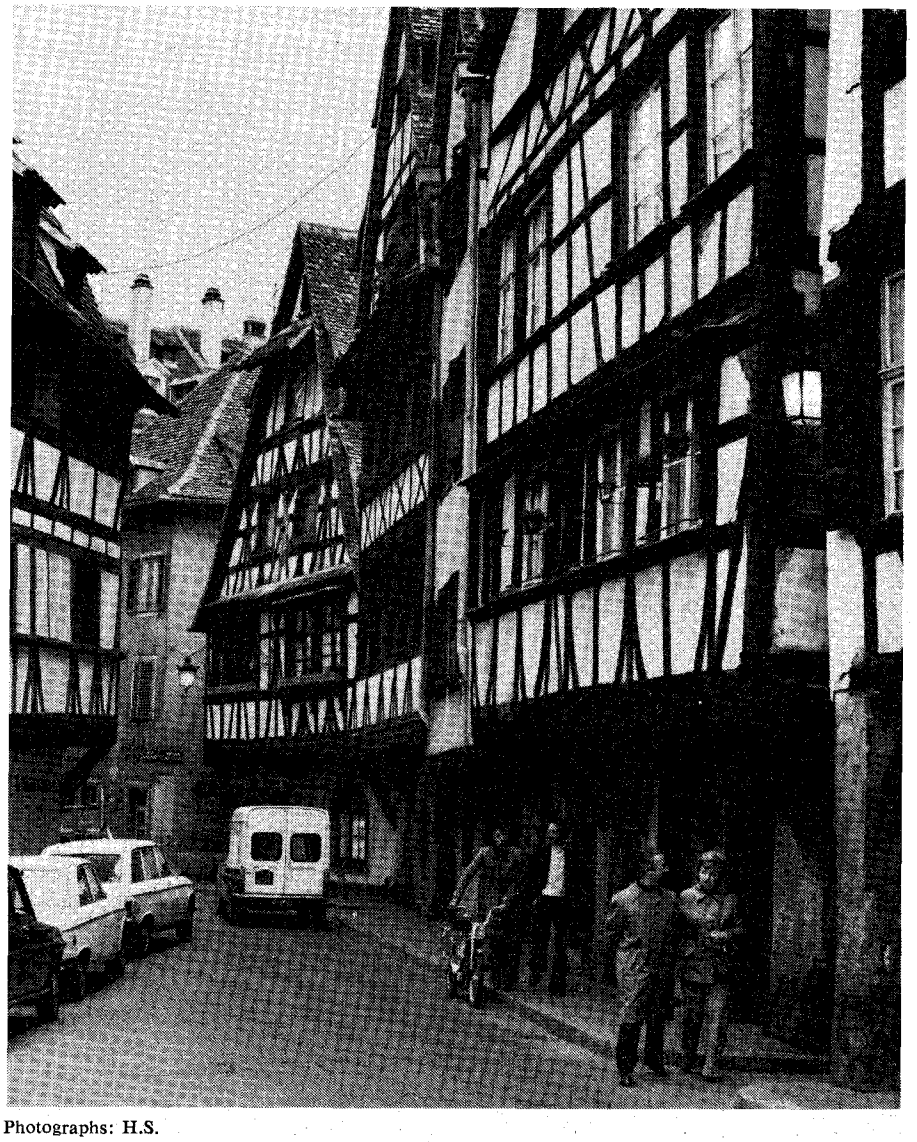
While the essence of the city is basically French, German evidences are everywhere, and so are German tourists. After all, Baden-Baden is only 30 miles away, Heidelberg is 70 miles away, and Kehl, the German city on the east bank of the Rhine, is just across the bridge, a span variously called the Rhine Bridge, the Pont de Kehl, and, somewhat more grandly, the Bridge of Europe.

The river is an international waterway that also serves ports in the Netherlands and Switzerland. And Strasbourg is still the home of the Council of Europe, founded in 1949, which, though it has no power, functions as a pan-European consultive body to which 18 nations—Spain, Portugal, and Eastern European nations are not members—send representatives in numbers proportionate to their population. Winston Churchill, that European councillor, lived in the villa at 46, rue de Verdun in 1949, in a townhouse built at the edge of the Orangerie. The trees of the Orangerie were planted in anticipation of a visit to Strasbourg by Empress Josephine. Indeed, the new Palace of Europe, which will house the deliberative body, overlooks the Palace of Josephine, a mansion now used by the council for its receptions.

Strasbourg still has a Place Gutenberg, to honor the printer who was exiled from Mainz and worked here on his innovative printing process. Aside from the Maison de Goethe on the Street of the Old Fish Market—I give it the literal translation—a statue of Goethe gazes on St. Paul's Church, built by the Germans for their Protestant soldiers during the first occupation, from 1870 to 1918.

Goethe came to Strasbourg in 1770, enrolled in the university, found inspiration in the cathedral, and fell in love with Friederike Brion, the daughter of the village pastor at Sesenheim. Goethe's poems to her are hailed as departural works in German letters. As for the university where he studied law, it has become a modern campus serving 30,000 students, with two departments of theology, one Catholic, one Protestant.

For their Catholic soldiers, the Ger-



Photographs: H.S.

Strasbourg's rue du Bain-aux-Plantes—"Lifted whole out of the Middle Ages."

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A Canal on the Ill—Early Roman culinary freaks dined on goose liver, too.

mans built the church of Saint Maurice. The statue of Joan of Arc that stands before it now was hidden inside the Palace of the Rhine, which was German headquarters during World War II. The Germans never found it. Built in 1888 and used as a palace by the Kaiser, the Palace of the Rhine is lard-heavy, as architectural design goes, and is still decorated with the imperial eagle. Contrarily, the Germanic palace faces what is now Republic Square, a plaza dominated by a war memorial that symbolizes the plight of Alsace in the last war. The statuary depicts a mother holding two slain sons, one dead in the cause of France; the other, in the cause of Germany.

The first stone of the cathedral, whose Gothic majesty so captivated Goethe, was laid in 1015. Now, nearly a millennium later, visitors flood in to watch its famous clock strike the quarter-hours and the hours, sending symbolic figures whirling into public view. Apostles appear on stage, carriages emerge, and a mechanical cock flaps its wings and crows on mechanical cue. Those who would see the grandest spectacle, which takes place when the clock strikes noon, can assemble at half-past twelve. The clock runs on Greenwich mean time.

Much more inspiring than the clock, however, is the sound-and-light spectacle staged twice nightly in summer inside the cathedral. Arches light up, altars glow, details of intricately carved doors are suddenly revealed in the flood of a roseate glow. Stained-glass windows are illuminated by light; organ music wells and then retreats. Bells toll. The pulpit becomes a study in light and shadow. The figures under the organ are suddenly alive with voices. The pulpit answers, recalling the bishop's erstwhile practice of having live but hidden voices behind those same figures speak to sinners in the Sunday congregation.

The first showing is in German; the second, which makes for a very late dinner, is in French. Apparently, there are too few American and British visitors to warrant a version in English. No matter, the performance is stirring enough to suggest a visit even by those unpossessed of a working knowledge of either language.

Nowhere in Strasbourg is the strange dichotomy of allegiances more poignantly displayed than in the Historical Museum. Here are the billboards of 1918 directed to the inhabitants of Strasbourg and to the members of the Fourth Army. "The day of glory has arrived," proclaims the poster. "After 48 years of the most difficult separation, after 51 months of war, the sons of France are reunited. It is a miracle and you have done it. You people of Strasbourg, Alsatians, keeping in your faithful heart the sacred love of country in spite of all vexation. . . . France comes to you as a mother to a dear lost child which has been found again."

At the outbreak of World War II, Strasbourg was abandoned, left as a deserted city. A photograph of the time shows only lonesome pigeons and a black cat picking at garbage. On the Street of Jews, there was one car, but no people. The photographic chronology shows columns of French prisoners being marched along the rue des Grandes Arcades; Hitler in the cathedral on June 29, 1940; the Place Kléber, named after Napoleon's Strasbourg-born general, called temporarily Karl Roosplatz, filled with swastikas and people for the visit of Reichsminister Robert Ley.

Then came the bombardments in the late summer of 1944, and ultimately a new billboard telling the inhabitants of Strasbourg that 26 years and one day after the anniversary of 1918, France, behind de Gaulle, had regained Strasbourg. "France and her allies will not repeat the same mistake," declared the printed vow; "the invader will not come back."

THROUGH ALL THESE allegiances and occupations, Strasbourg, at least in certain quarters, has maintained a placid medieval look. A fringe of grass is sewn like a decorative green border along the river Ill and its connecting canals, which encircle the old city. Heavy chestnut trees and drooping willows shade the riverside walkways. Riverboats, similar to those that cruise through Amsterdam, ply the water routes in summer, but the stalwart visitor who goes on foot (and whose arches can hold out) will have a better look at the ancient half-timbered houses of La Petite France, where the fifteenth-century tanners washed hides in the river and dried the skins on the rooftops. La rue du Bain-aux-Plantes, once an herbalists' alley, seems to have been lifted whole out of the Middle Ages.

The cobbled plaza of the Place de la Grande Boucherie is a pedestrian promenade, the wishing well filled with flowers. The modest Hôtel Central is favored by American students who don't mind living upstairs over Chez Muller's restaurant and beer hall. Pizza is not the snack in these parts; the preference, rather, is for the tarte flambée, a country specialty originally made of leftover bread dough, cream, butter, white cheese, onions, and bacon. It's cheap and goes well with the white wine that pours in rivers from the vineyards of Alsace. A citified version can be found À L'Horloge Astronomique on the rue de la Râpe for six francs.

Gastronomy takes on a special significance in Alsace and particularly in Strasbourg, which is highly regarded as the sacred home of *foie gras*, made from livers of fattened geese and ducks. They like to say, in Strasbourg, that goose

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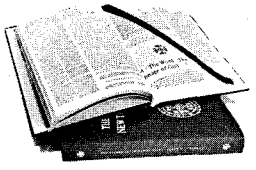

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liver pâté was invented in the eighteenth century by the cook of a home-grown general, but early Roman culinary freaks were dining out on goose liver during the time of the high life of the Empire. And as heretical as it may sound, an Alsatian restaurateur confided that France is now importing livers from Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Bulgaria, although the best come, he insists, from the *kibbutzim* of Israel.

Foie gras shows up in a variety of ways—double strength as *parfait*, in an aspic served usually with toast and butter, stuffed in quail, and by the slice, studded with a black truffle. Valentin Sorg, a famed restaurant that now occupies a perch atop a skyscraper built on its original site, adds it to filet of sole, incorporates goose liver in veal cutlet Richelieu (along with onions, mussels, and truffles).

The elegant hushed salon of Crocodile (two stars in the Michelin bible) adds goose liver to potted quail. But Crocodile, for all its airs, seems too refined a place to consider ordering a *choucroute garnie*, the famed dish for which Strasbourg, especially, and Alsace, generally, are famed. For a frontal attack on what is essentially an enormous pile of sauerkraut heaped with Strasbourg sausages and assorted kinds of pork, one might choose the Maison des Tanneurs, conveniently located for old-quarter browsers on the rue du Bain-aux-Plantes, overlooking the Ill. Here, amid a bower of vines, plants, and flowers, and a surfeit of pottery and pewter, two can share a *choucroute* cooked in champagne as long as they are willing to part with $14 for the treat.

By all odds the temple of *choucroute* is Maison Kammerzell, near the cathedral, which occupies a teetering building that has been holding out against collapse since the fifteenth century. Tyros can settle for the *choucroute garnie* (at $4.50), but a true culinary artist with any guts at all (and about $7 to blow on a pile of pickled cabbage and wurst) will summon *La Choucroute Formidable*, which arrives with a dozen kinds of sausages, bacon, and pork strewn, like houses after a tornado, over a Himalayan range of sauerkraut.

Those who, after an engagement with a *Choucroute Formidable*, would, on the morrow, only wish to be soothed and gastronomically caressed, can report to La Petite Alsacienne. Coffee, tea, or chocolate and croissants with butter—2 francs, 50 centimes. ☐

(**Letters:** *continued from page 7.*)

upon it in a manner that is more likely to perform a disservice to the consumer than the reverse.

Joseph M. Pisani, M.D., Vice-President
Medical & Scientific Affairs
The Proprietary Association
Washington, D.C.

3. The issue is not whether aspirin is a useful drug in many cases but whether it does harm in a sufficient number of cases to warrant a far less uncritical and casual view of it than emerges from the marketing of the drug. It is made to appear that aspirin can be self-administered without risk.

The medical literature indicates wide disagreement on this matter, despite the statements of Dr. Goldstein and Dr. Pisani. Research on aspirin, reported in the professional journals, has raised serious questions about its indiscriminate use by individuals. Dr. Goldstein quotes several papers in support of his position. But other medical specialists contend that professional supervision of aspirin intake is required because of its harmful side effects.

Dr. Goldstein quotes Dr. Franz Ingelfinger as saying that it is a questionable practice to withhold aspirin from a patient who "*desperately* needs relief," even though there may be penalties in its use. We agree completely with Dr. Ingelfinger. He has precisely defined the central issue. Millions of people use aspirin who are not "desperately" afflicted by pain but who take it "at the slightest sign of pain," as they are frequently advised to do in the advertisements.

Are these people informed that they should be tested for sensitivity to the drug?[1] Do they know that aspirin allergy is sufficiently common to serve as the basis for serious concern? Do aspirin advertisements alert people who have asthma to the fact that aspirin can precipitate an attack?[2] Are hay-fever sufferers and those with nasal polyps told to consult their physicians before taking the drug?[3]

Would there be fewer cases of salicylate poisoning—a particularly serious problem in children resulting from toxic levels of aspirin in the blood—if parents did not have the impression that aspirin is totally benign and can be used for virtually any symptoms involving pain? Salicylate poisoning is not a mild inconvenience; it involves dizziness, ringing in the ears, vomiting, and fast pulse.[4]

Do aspirin labels prominently warn

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people who have gastric ulcers or who are ulcer-prone that aspirin can intensify that ailment?[5]

Dr. Goldstein minimizes the harmful effects of internal bleeding caused by aspirin. There is disagreement with him on that point within the medical profession. Researchers have found the degree of bleeding to vary significantly from individual to individual.[6] Some persons who are heavy users of aspirin experience internal hemorrhaging.[7]

Are people told to avoid aspirin soon after taking alcoholic beverages because of adverse chemical changes caused by the combination?[8]

It is important in any consideration of aspirin to take into account the inclusion of other drugs in commercial aspirin compounds. An international symposium on phenacetin—an ingredient found in a wide number of aspirin products—was held in 1973. The physicians participating in this study considered the harm caused by the combination of phenacetin and aspirin. They concluded that analgesic abuse is a major public-health problem in many countries.[9] They recommended that the sale of analgesics be restricted by pharmaceutical chemists, that advertising of them be banned, and that all analgesics carry a warning on the packet about their hazards.[10]

Perhaps even more serious than aspirin-induced internal bleeding, according to some medical researchers, are changes brought about by aspirin in the blood itself. A single aspirin tablet contains 0.325 grams of the drug; doses as low as 0.15 to 0.30 grams daily will interfere in the way blood platelets join together.[11] While the use of aspirin for altering the degree of platelet adhesiveness can be salutary in the treatment of patients with thrombosis and heart trouble, it will also prolong bleeding time,[12] and it can be dangerous for persons who have a disorder known as thrombocytopenic purpura—a surplus of red blood cells;[13] for those who have anemia;[14] and for those who are already taking anticoagulants.[15]

One study calls attention to problems caused by the caffeine content of many commercial aspirin compounds.[16] The danger here is that aspirin may be taken not because of the need for "desperate relief" from pain but because of the desire for its "mood-altering" effects. In one study, among persons who had analgesic-induced kidney damage, most were found to have taken analgesics in greater quantities than was absolutely necessary because of their psychological effects.[17]

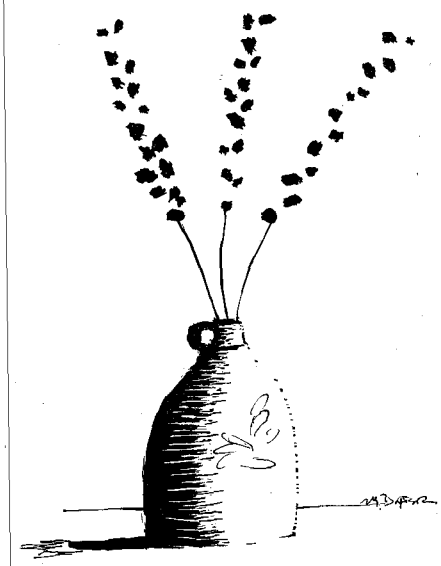
Dr. Goldstein takes exception to my reference to the paper by Dr. Sahud. The central point I made in connection with Dr. Sahud's paper is that he found that aspirin destroys ascorbic acid in the blood. He also made the point that the arthritic diseases had the similar effect of destroying ascorbic acid.[18] Under these circumstances, the combination of the disease and the treatment can hardly be regarded as salutary in terms of the body's ascorbic acid requirements.

Dr. Pisani states that *SR*'s editorial was wrong in stating that the pressure on people to buy analgesics has helped set the stage for mass anxiety. But a medical reference text entitled *Drugs of Choice, 1974–1975*, in discussing nonnarcotic analgesics, says: "Certainly, there is no other area in which commercial drug exploitation is so extensive as to advertise and promote uncritical use of this group of drugs by the lay population for real disorders, as well as new disease entities conjured up by advertising executives."

Dr. Pisani disagrees with the statement in the editorial that America "is becoming a nation of pill-grabbers, with respect to pain-killers." He asks for supporting data. Americans consume about 9 million pounds of aspirin tablets yearly,[19] to say nothing of sleeping pills and sundry other pain-killers that, contrary to Dr. Pisani's letter, can be obtained without prescription and that are advertised over television.

Dr. Pisani calls attention to the reduced consumption of analgesics last year by 3.3 percent. The context in which he mentions this fact would seem to indicate that he regards such a reduction as a positive development. The industry he represents has it within its power to bring about even more substantial reductions by advising people to ask their physicians to test them for possible toxic reactions. The industry might recommend that people who are in *desperate* need of relief should by all means consult their physicians before taking the drug. I hope Dr. Pisani would agree further, that if the pain is considerably less than desperate, people at least ought to know something about the limitations of the drug and the hazards associated with its use.

I am grateful to Dr. Goldstein and Dr. Pisani for their letters. I deserve to



be corrected for any statements I made that gave the impression I believed the evidence showed aspirin to be without value. My main point, however, is that it is an even greater error to encourage people to believe they can dose themselves without penalty. N.C.

1. E. W. Fisherman, "Test for Aspirin Intolerance," *Annals of Allergy*, vol. 31, April 1973. "Analgesics," *Drugs of Choice, 1974–1975.*
2. Mark N. Saberman, MD: Joel C. Ross, MD, "Aspirin Intolerance and Nasal Polyposis," *Transactions. American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology*, January–February, 1973.
3. *Ibid.*
4. *Drugs of Choice, 1974–1975.*
5. *Ibid.*
6. Rene Menguy, "Evidence for a Sex-Linked Difference," *Nature*, September 8, 1972.
7. *Drugs of Choice, 1974-1975.*
8. Robert C. Plumb, "Chemical Principles Exemplified: Stomach Upset Caused by Aspirin," *Journal of Chemical Education*, March 1973.
9. "The Wages of Analgesics," *The Lancet*, December 29, 1973.
10. *Ibid.*
11. R. M. Lindsay *et al.* "Reduction of Thrombus Formation on Dialyser Membranes by Aspirin and RA 233," *The Lancet*, December 16, 1972.
12. J. Hirsh *et al.*, "Relation Between Bleeding Time and Platelet Connective Tissue Reaction After Aspirin," *Blood*, vol. 41, no. 3, 1973.
13. H. O. Nieweg, "Mechanism of Action of Some Anti-Rheumatic Drugs in Allergic Blood Diseases," *Annals of Rheumatic Diseases*, vol. 32, January 1973.
14. "Aspirin Sodium Salicylate," *AMA Drug Evaluations.*
15. *Ibid.*
16. "The Wages," *The Lancet*, December 29, 1973.
17. *Ibid.*
18. Mervyn A. Sahud, "Effect of Aspirin Ingestion on Ascorbic-Acid Levels in Rheumatoid Arthritis," *The Lancet*, May 8, 1971.
19. *Drugs of Choice, 1974–1975.*

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 45): sham, hams, mash.

Answer to *Literary Crypt No. 40* (see page 55): the trouble with most people is that they're working so hard for a living they don't have time to live.
Helen Leffer

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Double-Crostic No. 80

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 A	2 X		3 B	4 T	5 C	6 R	7 N	8 M	9 K	10 V	11 D	12 Y	13 I	14 Q	15 P								
16 A	17 I	18 E	19 U	20 X	21 O	22 J	23 T	24 G		25 Z	26 H		27 B	28 R	29 Y								
30 G	31 A	32 W	33 Y	34 U	35 F	36 N		37 Y	38 D	39 P	40 L	41 U	42 A	43 J		44 Q							
45 F	46 V		47 U	48 K	49 G	50 Z	51 Y	52 H	53 M	54 D	55 N	56 A	57 J		58 A	59 C							
60 Z		61 J	62 K	63 Y	64 H	65 N	66 P	67 U		68 V	69 L		70 G	71 H	72 N	73 O							
74 D	75 A	76 K	77 M	78 J	79 C	80 V		81 Z	82 H	83 F	84 Q	85 N	86 E		87 A	88 Z							
89 R	90 L		91 Y	92 G		93 J	94 O	95 T	96 S	97 X	98 K	99 Z	100 C		101 W	102 H							
103 A		104 T	105 L	106 N	107 U	108 X		109 E	110 X		111 M	112 O	113 D	114 T	115 J	116 C							
	117 H	118 W	119 A		120 L	121 S	122 E	123 G	124 W		125 I	126 P	127 W	128 T	129 U								
130 O	131 S	132 Z	133 N		134 Q	135 D	136 A		137 Y	138 H	139 I		140 G	141 C	142 J	143 E							
144 W		145 J	146 B	147 O		148 H	149 Z	150 G		151 Y	152 U	153 M	154 C	155 I		156 D							
157 K	158 J	159 T	160 I	161 Q	162 B	163 X	164 O	165 M	166 Y		167 Y	168 O	16 G		170 R	171 W							
172 N	173 B	174 Y	175 I		176 V	177 Y	178 D	179 I		180 M	181 I	182 Q	183 S	184 R	185 O	186 U							
187 J	188 D	189 B	190 T	191 X																			

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its corresponding numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Choked, smothered	1 16 42 58 136 31 56 75 87 103 119
B. Type of pharmaceutical liquid	146 162 173 189 3 27
C. Puts in drop by drop	59 79 100 116 141 154 5
D. Russian operatic bass (1873–1938)	11 38 54 74 113 135 156 178 188
E. ___ Swan-neck: mistress of Harold II of England	18 86 109 122 143
F. Founder of Girl Scouts, U.S. (1860–1927)	35 45 83
G. Surprising piece of news, sudden realization, etc. (comp.)	92 24 30 49 70 123 140 150 169
H. Fawning parasite	26 52 64 71 82 102 117 138 148
I. Highest in rank, excellence, importance, etc. (2 wds.)	160 181 17 139 175 13 125 155 179
J. System of doctrines concerning last or final matters	93 57 61 115 145 158 187 22 78 142 43
K. Cad	48 62 76 98 157 9
L. Libation, swig, dram	69 90 120 40 105
M. Lay on	153 165 111 53 77 180 8

CLUES	WORDS
N. Plant adapted for growth under dry conditions	55 65 85 106 72 133 36 172 7
O. Move aimlessly or confusedly, as a crowd (2 wds.)	94 164 112 147 21 130 168 73 185
P. Greek Cupid	39 66 126 15
Q. Sacred bamboo	44 84 182 134 161 14
R. Usual course of one's life or range of one's activities	28 89 170 184 6
S. Church or its members; crease	121 131 96 183
T. Broad, flat, hemipterous insect that emits a disagreeable odor (2 wds.)	104 23 159 190 128 4 95 114
U. Feature of certain hats (2 wds.)	19 152 186 67 129 34 107 41 47
V. Dander	10 46 68 80 176
W. Competitor in a contest	171 124 101 127 32 118 144
X. City on the Yangtze; former capital of China	2 97 163 108 20 110 191
Y. Shooting the breeze (3 wds.)	33 51 177 151 12 63 166 29 91 174 167 137 37
Z. One who uses high-flown, periphrastic language	99 81 50 149 88 25 60 132

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 79* appears on page 55.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

How to Win Public-Opinion Polls

A recent survey reveals that 72 percent of all adult males in France prefer Chem-Pop imitation grape soda imported from the United States to the finest of their own champagnes.

That's not true, of course. The statement that all those Frenchmen prefer Chem-Pop to champagne is absurd, but today I'm ready to believe that a recent survey might reveal that astonishing "fact." All it would require is that the Chem-Pop manufacturers sponsor the survey and that they hire Gen. Maxwell E. Rich, retired executive vice-president of the National Rifle Association, to ask the right questions.

I received a letter from General Rich recently. I don't know where he got my address, but he did.

He wrote to warn me that I and all other law-abiding citizens are endangered by "radical and outspoken pressure groups." He said I "must be informed of the terribly serious consequences of what the liberal press refers to as '*gun control.*'

"My friend," he says (though we've never met), "they are not talking of '*control*'; they want complete and total '*confiscation.*' This will mean the elimination and removal of *all police revolvers, all sporting rifles,* and *all target pistols* owned by *law-abiding* citizens."

He dispels the myth of the NRA's wealth: "You may have heard the National Rifle Association referred to as a large, extremely rich private-interest group by the liberal press. This is simply not so. Our million-member organization barely has the funds to support our sporting activities like the U.S. Olympic Shooting Team and Training Programs." (I never thought of shooting firearms as a particularly athletic endeavor. I suppose it does require a cool hand, a keen eye, and steady nerves, but so do needle threading and watch repairing.)

Not only is the NRA almost too poor to support the U.S. Olympic Team, but also General Rich says they've been spending more than $40,000 each month "to defend American's [*sic*] right to protect their homes from criminals."

The general warns me that "You and I cannot afford to have laws passed that will give criminals control of our homes and neighborhoods, without any fear of punishment," a sentiment with which I agree wholeheartedly, and he enclosed four cards, each bearing a question to be answered "yes," "no," or "undecided":

(1) Do you believe you have a right to personally defend yourself and your property against a violent criminal attack?

(2) Do you believe your local police need to carry firearms to arrest robbery and murder suspects?

(3) Do you believe that by banning the ownership of firearms (including sporting and antique guns) the number of murders and robberies would significantly be reduced in your community?

(4) Do you believe that if a new firearms law was enacted in your state, banning all ownership of guns, hoodlums and organized criminals would volunteer their guns to your local police department?

GIVEN THE PRESENT REALITIES in America, I'm sure General Rich will get precisely the answers he wants. I suspect he added "in your community" to question no. 3 to ensure the right answer. The chances are pretty good that most of these questionnaires were sent to rural and suburban areas, where the number of murders and robberies is not significant enough to bear significant reduction. If the question ended "in the United States," instead of "in your community," I, for one, could have answered "yes," but as he phrased it, I'd have to answer the way he wants me to answer.

The secret of winning a public-opinion poll is clearly to ask the right questions of the right people.

The general says, "Remember, the results of this national survey will be tabulated soon and sent to the national press, TV and radio, the U.S. Congress, and your state legislators, many of whom are as yet undecided on this issue."

I hope all those legislators will bear in mind the nature of the questions in this national survey. Unfortunately, polls as meaningless as this one probably do have considerable effect on legislation.

I'm sure that if General Rich set his mind to it, he could show that all those Frenchmen I made up really *are* confessed Chem-Pop junkies. □

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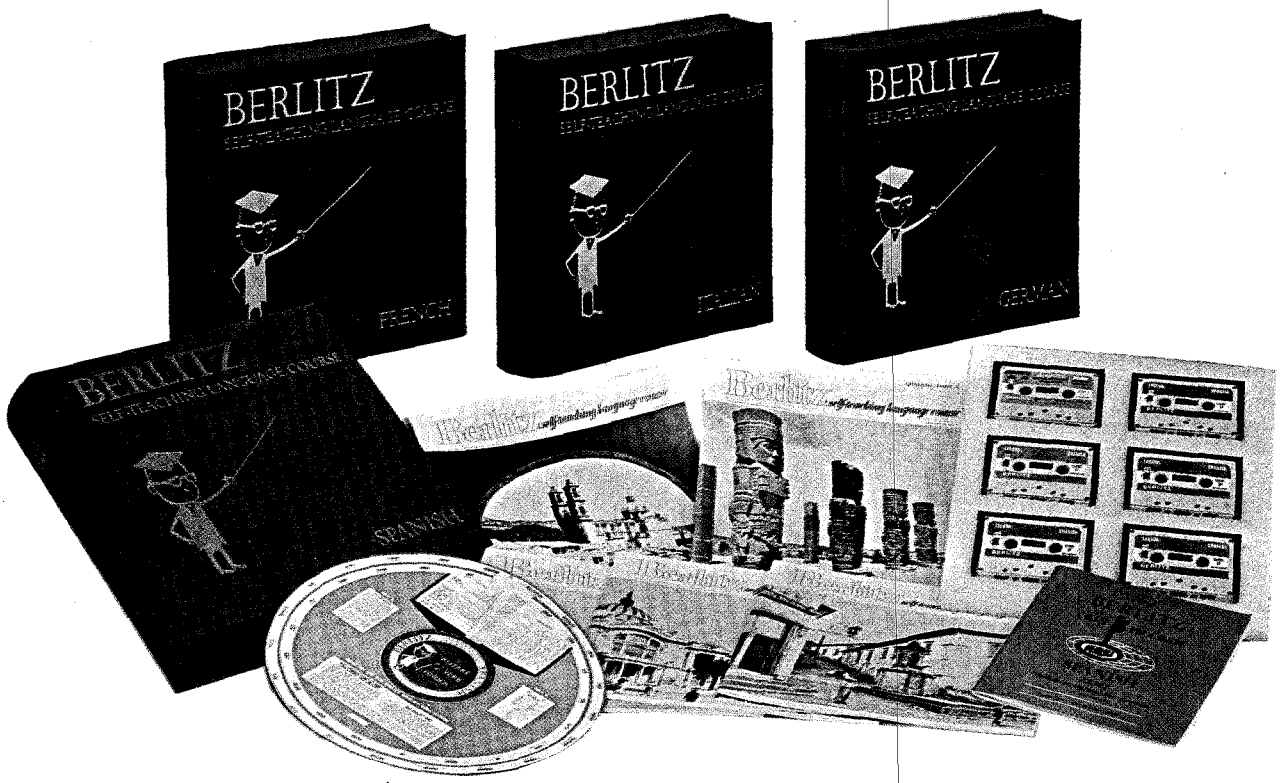

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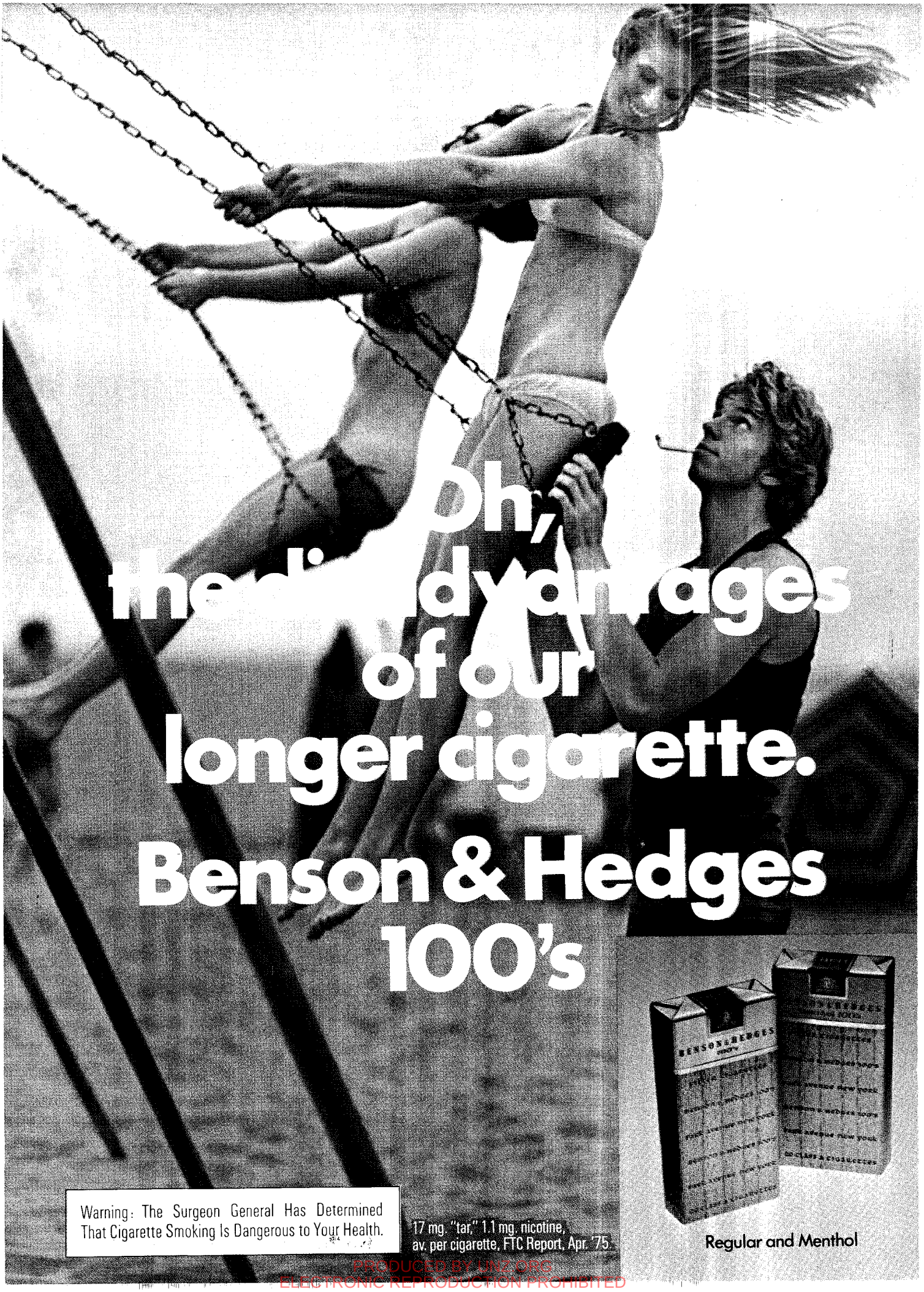
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